

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

## *Gaeta on the Sea*

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

## *A Peddler of Dreams*

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

## *The Oxford Movement*

By LEO WARD

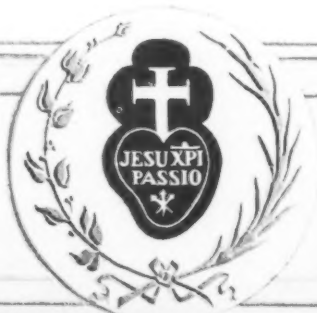
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Vol. 8, No. 5

December, 1928

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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1928

THE ELECTION AND AFTER .....	258
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT .....	259
Some Campaign Fruits—Our Genial Humor—American Plus Christian—As Un-Christian as Drunkenness—The Sup- reme Court—A Fearless Witness—Appeals: Human and Divine—What Slaves We Are!	
GAETA ON THE SEA .....	263
By Gabriel Francis Powers	
CATEGORICA .....	268
Edited by N. M. Law	
A PEDDLER OF DREAMS .....	271
By P. J. O'Connor Duffy	
VALUATION .....	275
By Hugh F. Blunt	
THE OXFORD MOVEMENT .....	276
By Leo Ward	
PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH .....	280
By J. Phillips Scott	
THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE .....	282
By Maurice Cussen	
THE SIGN POST .....	283
JAMES: SON OF THUNDER .....	287
By F. J. Mueller	
THE RETURN OF THEO .....	289
By E. M. Almedingen	
CATHOLIC LITERATURE OR CATHOLIC LITERATURE .....	292
By S. A. Baldus	
THE FIRST CONSECRATION .....	294
By Dorothy E. Van Vleck	
BOTTICELLI'S "THORN-CROWNED CHRIST" .....	295
By Dr. Raimond Van Marle	
RENDEZ-VOUS .....	297
By Hugh F. Blunt	
THE HOLY HOUR .....	298
Translated by Silvio De Luca, C.P.	
OUR JUNIOR READERS .....	303
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS .....	307
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA .....	309

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# The Election and After

Any analysis of the recent Presidential Election that leaves the Religious Issue out of it must necessarily be a lopsided analysis. That his religious belief strongly militated against Governor Smith, not only in the entrenched strongholds of Protestantism but also in the liberal sections of the country, there can be no doubt. While millions of non-Catholics heartily supported the Governor, regardless of his Catholicism, more millions voted against him solely because of it.

Personally I find it unsatisfactory to call these latter by such a harsh term as "bigots." There are bigots among them; and these—"brewers of bigotry"—have been their leaders; but they are comparatively few. The vast majority are very good and sincere people. The Catholic Church which they hate is not the Church as she is, but as she has been misrepresented, lied about, vilified.

Many clear-thinking men have come to the conclusion that the very fact of a Catholic running for the chief office in the land has been a signal act of Providence as it was the occasion of arousing unprecedented interest in our holy Faith. As an illustration of this, read this letter from an outstanding missionary of self-sacrifice in our Southland—Father Charles Gable:

CATHOLIC TRUTH GUILD

Box 170

KINSTON, N. C.,

NOVEMBER 19, 1928.

Rev. Harold Purcell, C.P.,  
Editor of THE SIGN,  
Union City, N. J.

My Dear Father Harold:

*I propose to send out copies of the enclosed letter and return postcard in the hope of getting the people of this State to read Catholic literature as an antidote to the influence of the infamous literature with which the people were deluged during the Presidential Campaign. There are only a few of us Catholics here, and as our undertaking is a big one to us, I am asking your help. I am sure you will give it.*

*Will you please give us ten thousand (10,000) copies of letter and postcard? I shall be ever so grateful and I know that they will do great good.*

*The aftermath of the Campaign is most astonishing. Life-long friendships have been broken. Many are boycotting those who voted for Governor Smith. And, yet under it all, there is a bitter hostility towards the Church. One can only wonder what the outcome will be. I am convinced that now is the time when Catholic literature will accomplish much in the way of spreading the truth. Many people here are in the right mood to be approached.*

*Thanking you for whatever help you can give us, I am*

*Cordially yours,*

(REV.) CHARLES J. GABLE.

Of course, THE SIGN will be only too glad to give Father Gable what he asks. While our primary object is to assist our own Passionist Missionaries in China (please remember them in your prayers and Christmas gifts) we must never forget that right here in our own America there is a duty at our door to minister to the needs of those outside the Church. To this end we are collecting funds for the distribution of free literature, and ask our readers to contribute to this worthy cause.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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Volume Eight

December, 1928

Number Five

## Current Fact and Comment

### Some Campaign Fruits

**G**IVEN in defeat a victory may be won. Even adversity has its uses.

Governor Smith, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was defeated overwhelmingly in the election of November last. If we take the votes of the States in the electoral college we find that he was defeated more decisively than John W. Davis was by Calvin Coolidge in 1924.

One would be tempted to think that the campaign of Governor Smith was one of utter failure.

But there are a few bright features about it which the citizens of this country would do well to ponder over and be thankful for.

Alfred Emmanuel Smith has revitalized politics.

He has brought the country to its feet by his open discussion of the problems pressing for solution.

He has opened the eyes of the nation to the necessity of taking an active interest in the welfare of the nation.

He has brought to the attention of upright and honorable men the destructive forces which hide behind the mask of the Ku Klux Klan.

He has revealed the strangle grip of religio-political organizations, such as the Anti-Saloon league.

He has pointed out the danger of running the country according to the will of a powerful minority.

He has done all this. And that in a very true sense is victory.

But how explain his crushing defeat?

In some sense it is hard to understand.

It may be due to the fear of the country regarding a change of administration.

Perhaps it was the effect of devotion to the *status-quo*, no matter in how much need of repair.

We, ourselves, are convinced that the religious issue had more to do with Democratic defeat than anything else. Surely the Solid South would never have been broken had Governor Smith not been a forethought Catholic who boldly practised his religion in the open.

### Our Heartiest Greetings

**T**O ALL our Readers we extend most cordial greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the Divine Infant bless them abundantly with good health, material prosperity, and God's grace. Their loyalty to us has made it possible for us to improve THE SIGN and render much needed financial assistance to our missionary priests and Sisters in China. We are especially grateful to the generous pastors who during this and other years have graciously permitted us to address their congregations in behalf of Catholic literature and our foreign missions. There is no need for us to ask God's very choice blessing upon them. Their unselfish efforts to spread the Faith abroad warrant that.

His defeat should wake up our Catholic people to facts that:

1. There is a vast amount of active bigotry in this country.

2. This bigotry, except in rare cases, is not due to meanness but to sheer ignorance.

3. Many of the victims of this ignorance would gladly change their attitude towards the Church, were the truth made known to them.

4. There is the plain duty of all Catholics to help change that attitude by themselves being able to state and defend those doctrines of the Church which have been misrepresented to our non-Catholic brethren.

5. It is utterly useless to bewail bigotry if we are not capable of combating the ignorance in which it is rooted.

### *Our Genial Humor*

**D**OUTLESS the speaker who advocated at a recent Protestant convention the keeping of religion out of the public school felt that he was preaching Americanism pure and undefiled. The applause that punctuated his remarks must have strengthened his conviction. We are not certain that he would be so confident in his discourse if he tried to explain the prevalence of crime in our land, the appalling number of murders that crimson our current history, the multitude of youths that are taking post-graduate courses in our penal institutions. He would have religion taught at the family altar. How lovely!

Perhaps he meant the family garage: the nearest approximation to a common gathering place for many families today. Whatever he had in mind this vivid imagination failed him in not suggesting mural decorations depicting modern theology. The "altar" would stand out to advantage from a mosaic showing a Protestant minister fostering family life by marrying divorced persons; a painting in fading colors (symbolic of fading influence) of the political pulpit would be appropriate. A fresco of "The Highway to Heaven" could illustrate the Anti-Saloon League replacing the finger-posts of the Ten Commandments with signs made in a Washington lobby. The historian of our times must regard us, notwithstanding our many superficialities, as a people of genial humor, since instead of putting in jail men guilty of insane and irresponsible statements we accord them the tolerance of not taking them seriously.

### *American Plus Christian*

**T**HE NEW YORK *Times* in its Sunday edition of November 4th, pays a glowing tribute to the silence and restraint of Catholics in the Presidential campaign. "They have kept silent," says the *Times*, "even in the face of notorious misrepresentation and calumny. No priest or Catholic publication of any prominence has noticed the violent challenges of Senator Heflin, Bishop Cannon and others. Had the Catholic Hierarchy in any way entered the lists against its political assailants, the country would have resounded with clamorous cries that

would have sounded in all ears and filled thoughtful Americans with a sense of public disgrace."

Quite right! Catholics can prove themselves as patriotic in a battle of ballots as they did in a battle of bullets. The preservation of the good name of America was a paramount issue in the campaign, as it must be in every political campaign; if political parsons and sectarian mountebanks have no qualms about besmirching that good name for the sake of advancing their own ends, there can be as little question about their Americanism as there is about their Christianity. If they can torture the Gospel of Christ into the mangled caricature it is in their hands, there is no mud too dirty, no slime too foul for them to throw at the good name of America for the sake of a political victory.

Catholics do not take credit to themselves for not being accomplices in the unpatriotic orgy. Their teaching saves them from such debasement. Educated persons are not praised for good spelling. It is looked upon as part of their training. Those who think they have improved the color of the American flag by the bigoted mud they have thrown at it will not find thoughtful Americans to agree with them. That myopic patriotism is as reliable as the judgments of a color-blind man in a picture gallery. But we need not be surprised. It is a visual deformity natural enough in those who look on the Decalogue as improved by the Volstead Act.

### *As Un-Christian As Drunkenness*

**I**F LOVE is the supreme test of Christianity, then it is worse for a church member to show hatred than it is for him to indulge in the grosser vices," says William Lyon Phelps in a little book called "Love," just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

"If a minister should enter the pulpit quite drunk, it would indeed be scandalous; it would be first-page news. But in reality it would be no worse than for him to exhibit hatred toward some member of his church."

"If a deacon should attempt to pass the plate while drunk, it would be an abominable spectacle; but really it ought not to be more shocking than for him to indulge in slanderous or spiteful or derogatory remarks. Such manifestations of evil are more contrary to the spirit of Christianity than drunkenness, and I have no mind to defend drunkenness. . . . Love is the only genuine test."

"From the Christian point of view there are no 'foreign wars,'" says Professor Phelps. "Unless the phrases 'Fatherhood of God' and 'brotherhood of man' are empty cant, every war is a civil war."

"Love my enemies?" cries the incredulous respectable man. "Why I often find my friends very trying." "As a matter of fact," says Professor Phelps, "the command to love your enemies is eminently practical. It is a remedy for a mental disease; the remedy is not for our enemies, but for ourselves."

"Jesus," says Professor Phelps, "was a specialist. He taught only one subject. The entire course of study contains only three words, but it takes a lifetime to learn

it. . . . *God is love.* As I understand it, this is not intended to be a pretty or sentimental speech. . . . It is a philosophical principle, a core of thought. . . . If we have love in the heart, sincere, unalloyed affection for others, free from hatred and jealousy, without a shade of resentment, then we know we are Christians."

### *The Supreme Court*

THE saintly Pope Pius X, recognizing and extolling the liberty of conscience secured by the Constitution of the United States, was heard by the writer of these lines to say: "Would to God it were the same in every country!" It was on the occasion of an audience granted to six American priests one of whom had read to His Holiness a message from Cardinal Gibbons. The Pope visibly affected by that message exclaimed: "What a glorious country America is! There you have liberty of conscience. If they want to be Catholics, they can be Catholics; if they want to be Protestants, they can be Protestants; if they want to be Jews, they can be Jews. Would to God it were the same in every country!"

Here, of course, the holy Pontiff was but giving expression to the profound truth that conscience is the supreme internal rule of all man's moral actions. Conscience is the Supreme Court—the Court of last appeal—and so true is this that every man is obliged to follow his conscience even though it be in invincible error.

Here in America we proudly say that every man is *free* to worship God according to his conscience and what we really mean is that every man is *bound* to worship God according to his conscience. Leaving atheists aside, every other man admits that a rational creature is *bound* to worship his Creator, and this worship must be according to the certain conscience of the individual man otherwise it cannot in any sense be right worship at all. Hence no harm can come to any man who worships God according to his certain conscience and no harm can come to any man's country because he is worshipping God according to his conscience. Hence the profound wisdom of the framers of our Constitution when they guaranteed liberty of conscience to every citizen of the United States. And hence, too, the profound and kindly wisdom of the Catholic Church teaching through her theologians that salvation will not be wanting to any man who worships God according to his conscience even though that conscience be erroneous.

### *A Fearless Witness*

THOUGH no man deserves special gratitude or appreciation because he stands up for truth, still it is pleasant for Catholics to know that there are honest and high-minded Protestants who repudiate the shameful calumnies circulated, in our day against the Catholic Church. In fact, it looks like a special act of Providence that for every new attack on the Church some Protestant clergyman or prominent Protestant layman arises in her defence. For an instance take these noble and

fearless words of an Episcopal minister of Indianapolis:

"I firmly believe there are Protestants who would rather see the city flooded with reeking dens of vilest iniquity than witness the work done by the Little Sisters of the Poor. I believe there are Protestants who would rather see the city given up to the rankest corruption than to hear of these daughters of divine love performing their daily deeds of charity.

"Can anyone tell me that the grand men who minister to the Roman Catholic congregations of this city are the foul personages depicted by this underhand and backbiting society of cowards, that they are the enemies of our government or endeavoring to sap the foundations of society? NEVER! They are noble minds, pure hearts and great souls incapable of such deeds or even a *suspicion* of them."

Even if we did not know the tribe of which this man speaks, his own words leave us in no doubt:

"Charges and invectives like those of the K. K. K. are no new thing for the Roman Catholic Church. She has borne them for centuries. The Roman Catholic Church, exultant, exalted and triumphant, will live and bless the world in spite of these cowardly enemies and assassins. These harmless little pellets emitted with vermonous purpose will fall back flattened and ineffective as homeopathic pills against the rock of Gibraltar and the Roman Catholic Church will go on praying for those who abuse and persecute her and will firmly establish her claim of Him Who said that the Church should be blessed when all things would be said against her for His sake. Let those men have a care lest the curse, not of Rome, but the curse of an offended God come upon them."

No Catholic bishop or priest could use truer or bolder language than that.

### *Appeals: Human and Divine*

THE Presidential campaign is over. After six months of strenuous activity the Republican candidate, Mr. Herbert Hoover, has been elected to the highest office in the land. The expenditure of time and money, the printing of tons of literature, the passionate appeals of Mr. Smith, and the calm discourse of Mr. Hoover, delivered before thousands of cheering and excited throngs, and listened to by millions over the radio—what were they all for? Why such activity? Why so great expense?

This is the answer. Everything in the campaign, whether fair or foul, was directed to the will of the voter. It was a concerted appeal to that power in man which controls his acts, but which must first be informed before it can operate. The campaign aimed at informing the mind, the more efficaciously to move the will.

And the object which the candidates desired above everything else was not cheering, not hand-clapping, not the waving of flags, but the act of the human will which moves the hand to make a little black cross before the name of the respective candidate.

The campaign was a gigantic appeal to the will.



There is another appeal to the will of every man, not so clamorous, not so full of strife and fury, but eloquent and moving withal.

It is the appeal of the Crucifix.

In that still, white figure on the cross is the grandest appeal to the human will which even Almighty God is able to make to man. Gaze upon the outstretched arms and feet, fixed fast to the wood of the cross by large nails; look into those eyes covered with the film of death; feel that cruel crown which enriches His brow; put your finger into the open wound in His side, from which flows a white and scarlet stream of blood and water. And ask yourself: What does it all mean?

Here is the answer. The cross means that God is appealing in *His* way to your will in order to move you to make choice of Him as you Lord and Master.

He is your Lord and Master, whether you will or no, but He desires to be made the Captain of your soul by your free and spontaneous choice. Is He successful in His pleading? Listen to His answer:

"All day long I have stretched out My hands to a people who believeth and contradicteth Me."

From the day of His humble birth in the stable in Bethlehem, when He invited the whole world to come and crown Him the King of their hearts, till the hour when He gave up His spirit on the cross, His whole life was directed to one grand and noble end; to win the love and loyalty of His creatures.

"Never man spake like this man." He went about campaigning in every place, always doing good. "Virtue went out from Him and He healed all." He stretched forth His hands to the leper and his flesh became as clean as that of a new-born babe. He laid His hand on the dead eyes of a blind man and he saw. He spoke the miraculous word and five thousand poor and hungry followers were fed with five loaves and two fishes. His fame was published abroad and crowds came to see and to hear and to be comforted. Multitudes cried out "Hosanna!" when He made His triumphal entry into the City of Jerusalem.

When His campaign reached its climax those to whom He had showed the riches of His love and mercy preferred a robber and murderer to Him. And the people clamored: "Away with Him and give us Barabbas!" "What, then, shall I do with Jesus?" Pilate asked. "Crucify Him!" came back the astounding reply. "What, shall I crucify your King?" The response arose with awful vehemence, "We have no king but Caesar!"

The appeal of His life and works had been a failure. Forgotten were His kind and gracious deeds. Forgotten were His precious words. Forgotten were His infectious example. He went down to defeat amid the strident voices of a rebellious mob, which surged over Him like the waves of an angry sea.

Yet He did not acknowledge His defeat. He would work even yet for victory over men's hearts. There was one last card, as it were, on which He staked His success or failure among the sons of men.

It was the *cross*! If He but ascended the gibbet of the cross, where every eye might see Him and every ear

might hear Him, He might steal away their hearts and compel them to make Him their Captain and their King. And so He was raised aloft on the infamous gibbet with nails in His hands and His feet. As He hung there amid unspeakable agonies of body and soul He preached His last discourse.

And what did He say? Did He castigate with words steeped in hate their guilty souls? Did He threaten and condemn the ingratitude of His followers? No. His voice comes from a heart weighed down with sadness and pierced with intense grief and shame. Listen! Listen to His dying words: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!"

This is His requital for His injured glory and honor. This is His revenge for the crime of deicide. He gave His life. He offered His death for men. If His merciful deeds in life were eloquent what can we say of His awful death on the cross?

The crucifixion of Christ is God's last appeal for the love of our souls. It is the utmost, the supreme limit, the climax of eternal and unsatiable love. Colder and harder than the very rocks on Calvary would our hearts be if we could resist such an eloquent appeal.

This is how divine love acts. It stoops down to the lowliest of God's creatures. It suffers every manner of pain. It ascends the gibbet of the cross in order to go to the very limit to conquer fickle human hearts.

### *What Slaves We Are!*

**W**E ARE NOT free to use words as we please, unless we are willing to be misunderstood. We are slaves to dictionaries.

We are not free to put our words together as we please, unless we are willing to be rated as ignorant. We are slaves to grammars.

We are not free to behave in society as we please, unless we are prepared to be dubbed as backwood's men or women. We are slaves to the manners of refined society.

We are not free to dress as we please, unless we are willing to be laughed at. We are slaves to fashion, especially are women such slaves.

We are not free to walk on either side of the sidewalk, going or coming, unless we are willing to be bumped or bump others. We are slaves to the rules of the road.

We are not free to drive as fast as we please, unless we are willing to accept a card from the traffic officer. We are the slaves of traffic commissioners.

We are not free to drink a thimble full of light wine or keep a gill of it in our homes, unless we are prepared to face a Federal Court justice and submit to what he may see fit to mete out to us. We are slaves to the prohibition craze of some Protestant churches.

We are not free to be members of the Catholic Church, unless we are willing to forego the right of being President of the United States. We are worse than slaves, we are the victims of stupidly ignorant bigotry.



# Gaeta on the Sea

AND ITS MEMORIES OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS

(A SERIES OF THREE PAPERS)

## I. THE ANCIENT CITY

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

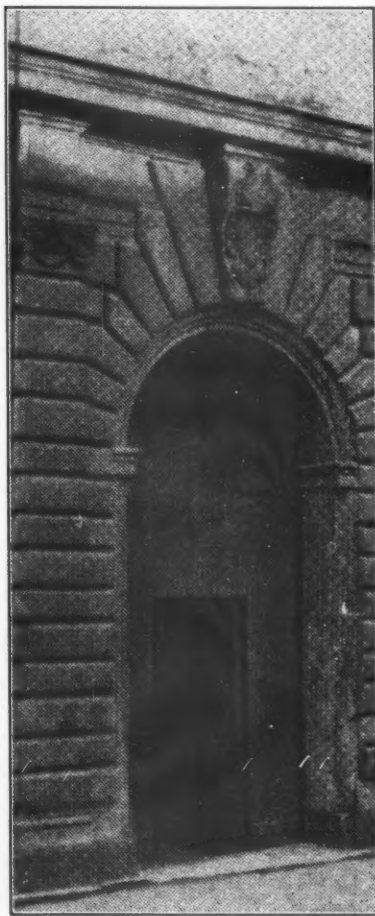
THE invitation was an alluring one: summer holidays at Gaeta, wonderful sea bathing, a house upon the hillside in the midst of vineyards and olive trees, a noted shrine of Our Lady near at hand. On the other hand opposition was strong. . . . "Madness to go south" . . . "A place for goats to climb to at the top of a bare rock" . . . "Torridly hot." The objections were disquieting. But the remembrance came to mind of memories of St. Paul of the Cross at the spot in question, and they carried the day. In truth we found the memories almost too faint to trace, and this was disappointing; but the beauty of Gaeta, and of its incomparable cliffs and sea-views was an unconditional joy.

The city is only three hours from Rome by train and this is a first advantage. A speeding briefly across the Roman Campagna, the diving into cool rocky beds of tunnels beneath the inevitable branching of the Apennines; a stretch of gloomy, grass-grown ponds of the Pontine Marshes with their damp, stagnant breath; then once more wholesome sod, olive groves and the exuberant vine; in fact, all the luxuriant vegetation and volcanic richness of what was one time the Kingdom of Naples.

Then we head straight for the coast, the railroad line being at right angles with it. At the junction is Formia. The ancient city, rich in classic memories, has become an important station for the new north and south railway. It is in connection with Gaeta by means of a small sidetrack which carries passengers to and from the express\* trains passing through Formia. The two-carriage convoy, with its old-fashioned puffing locomotive, directs its way westward, and we find ourselves chugging along a roadbed of lower level, between vineyards that cluster down to the very edge of it, and to our left the thick green is strewn with villas and summer homes, beyond which is the vast quiet blue of the sea.

From the train we catch our first

glimpse of Gaeta, and it must be said that the view is marvelously beautiful and impressive. An oval bay of pure azure, the hue rather pale in the



ENTRANCE TO THE ANCIENT HOSPICE OF THE "SANTISSIMA ANNUNZIATA"

morning light as though the face of the water were satin; and, set at the extreme outward point, toward the right, commanding the cliff and bay, a walled and castellated town, placed high, dominated by its ramparts and towers that stand in clear outline against the limpid sky. Gaeta is

surrounded by the sea on all sides save one, where a strip of flat land attaches it to the continent. And we remember the word of one of her last kings: "If I had to sell Gaeta, I would exhibit it from Formia."

Yet beside the town, which is isolated and stands alone, in fact somewhat behind it, is a twin hill, left in solitary savageness, overgrown with brushwood and pine trees, and dedicated wholly in centuries past to the defence of the city, hence this too has lines of fortifications, gun platforms and powder magazines, and it is dominated by a Roman tomb of the Imperial Age, circular in form, and used now as a semaphore, from which the navy watches and signals shipping. This hill is Monte Orlando.

There were two gates to ancient Gaeta, and the outer one was protected by a drawbridge, raised and secured at night. The wide, deep moat received water from the bay; consequently the city virtually was made into an island, and a strongly fortified one at that. It still preserves a certain remote and segregated air. The streets are narrow and shut in by high houses; frequently they ascend, or are intercepted by stairways which bring the pedestrian more rapidly to higher levels. There are many churches, and toward the top of the city the eminence is covered with gardens which used to belong to convents and are now attached to civic institutions. At every point, from these elevated spots, the views are superb: not least among them is the Gulf of Gaeta forming a splendid natural harbor, skimmed now by the flying sails of innumerable white-winged fishing boats; but at times it has other visitors and the whole Mediterranean fleet anchors easily within its waters.

The town is so rich in historic memories that one is almost overwhelmed with the wealth of them. The entire past of southern Italy has touched it in succeeding ages, and registered there in shorthand — religion, governments, wars, dynasties, splendor and art. You make an attempt to recall it all in brief, or at



SQUARE BEFORE CITY HALL AND PRINCIPAL STREET. THE LAST HOUSE, TOWARD CATHEDRAL, IS WHERE POPE PIUS IX LODGED THE FIRST NIGHT IN GAETA (+)

least to overfly mentally what the long years have garnered there. In a great poem, of which its perfection has made a schoolbook, you will find one of the first mentions of Gaeta:

*Tu quoque littoribus nostris Aeneia  
nutrix  
Aeternam moriens famam Caieta  
dedisti.*

—(Virgil: *Eneid*. Book II.)

Martial was amused at the man who could fish from his own residence at Gaeta the sea-fish he liked best for his table. Cicero was murdered in this vicinity, and there is a strong probability that the tower which goes by his name, between Gaeta and Formia, is in truth his tomb. Slightly to the north of the city is the skeleton of the magnificent mausoleum of Lucius Atratinus, who made Augustus his heir when he was dying. This tomb is one of the most marvelous examples we know of Roman construction, for it was stripped of its marbles in the twelfth century to rebuild the cathedral; (a fragment of the inscription is still to be seen at the base of the belfry: "*L. Atrat . . .*"); it furnished stone for other constructions; a part of it was blown off by the explosion of a powder-magazine in the vicinity; and

yet much of it remains, stark, solid, defiant — the future still its own. There is no doubt that the entire extent of this marvelous coast, with its mild climate, its calm and radiant sea, and its fertile hillsides, was taken up by the pleasure loving Romans who covered it with their villas and palaces of delight.

The barbaric invasions probably swept Gaeta, too, as they did all Italy. Rome was eventually ruled from Constantinople when the Imperial power moved eastward, and we find Gaeta in the sixth century governed by Greek "Hypates," and the whole neighborhood, like Ravenna, receiving the imprint of the Byzantine. Yet the city, perhaps owing to its unique position, was always somewhat privileged and in reality enjoyed what amounted to an autonomy. The cathedral, perhaps an early Christian church for its original fluted columns were of classic make as though they had once belonged to a pagan temple, bore the title of St. Mary of the Assumption, always dear to the Greeks. But it was under the Byzantine Duke John I that Gaeta received her most illustrious citizen.

In A. D. 824 St. Erasmus, her patron, was brought to lie in state in the sanctuary dedicated to the Ma-

donna. This noted Bishop of Antioch who, in the great persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, had been cruelly tortured both at Antioch and Smyrna, was miraculously preserved from death, led by an angel to the seashore, and, divinely guided, landed at Formia where he was welcomed by the bishop and people; but he only survived nine days, "passing away in peace to his heavenly crown." Formia treasured the body of the holy martyr for nearly five centuries but, the pirate Saracens infesting the sea coasts of Italy, the Formians were at length forced to abandon their ruined city and to seek shelter in walled Gaeta. They brought with them the body of St. Erasmus, to the great joy of the citizens, and the holy martyr became from that day the true lord of the little city.

**T**WICE in her history of time Gaeta has issued her own coinage, in her own name, and the gold and silver were stamped with no other effigy but that of the patron saint. The church was again rebuilt in the twelfth century, and the picturesque belfry-tower—which is now a landmark—added to its structural group. Many bits of antique sculpture inserted in the outer walls bear witness

to the passage of classic Rome over this soil. It was chiefly the sailor population which carried the name and fame of St. Erasmus over the sea to many ports, and a modern scholar, Msgr. Ferraro, has traced the devotion of mariners to "St. Hermes" or "St. Elme" back to the cradle of Gaeta. The population, even locally, corrupts the name from St. Erasmo to *St. Ermo* or *St. Elmo*, and the historic "Castello di St. Elmo" in Naples borrows its patronal name from the famous protector of Gaeta.

IT WAS at this fourteenth century castle by the sea that the phenomenon was first observed of the scintillae or flamelets upon the bayonets of the sentinels at night, and so they were called *Fuochi di St. Elmo*; the electric sparks appearing similarly at the mastheads of ships at sea, especially after storms. The French borrowed the term, and their *Feux Saint-Elme* no doubt allude to St. Erasmus of Gaeta who is the patron saint of sailors; yet some confusion seems to have arisen from the popular transformation of the true name.

It was Frederick II, son of Henry the Cruel and of the noble Constance of Sicily, who in 1227 raised the magnificent fortress we now see at the summit of the town. The papal forces attacked him there, so that he

was obliged to repair the ramparts in 1234. Gaeta herself rebelled against Frederick, who had been excommunicated, and declared herself independent and self-governing. Francis of Assisi came to the town in 1222, and possibly it was in some hope of bringing peace and of winning the young king to submission that he undertook his long journey. He is said to have dwelt where the church of St. Francis, from its pinnacle, looks down now upon the bay. There are a few fine medieval sculptures at the cathedral, especially the tall, carved candlestick for the Paschal candle, and though we claim no special author for it, we remember that Frederick protected the fine arts and that he brought Nicola Pisano to work for him in Naples.

Gaeta, as an autonomy, founded several creditable institutions and one that still survives is the handsome church of "Santissima Annunziata," with several fine pictures, and a public hospital and home for orphan girls attached to it. We will speak of this anon. Erected first in 1321, St. Paul of the Cross found the institute active in 1724, and in our own 1928 it is still pursuing its beneficent career.

A tragic incident, which somehow still thrills one, occurred in 1387. Marguerite of Durazzo, Queen of Naples, by the machinations of her

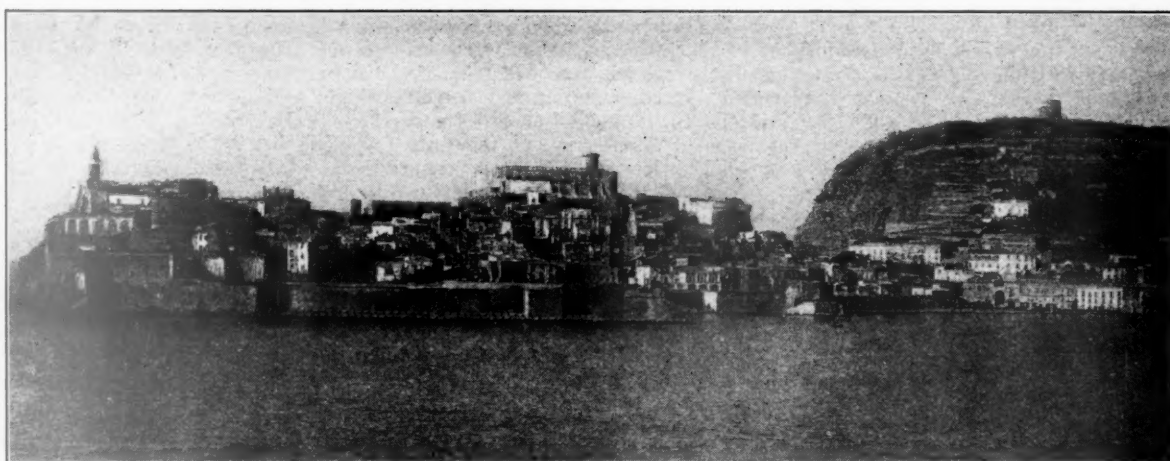
own kinsmen, was driven from the throne after the death of her husband and, fleeing before her enemies, sought refuge in strong Gaeta with her twelve-year-old son, Ladislas, who should have been the king. Gaeta threw her gates open to the widow and orphan boy. Streets there are still called by their names. Two years later, splendid festivals were held in honor of the wedding of the youthful prince to his Sicilian bride, and in happier days King Ladislas never forgot his debt of gratitude to the hospitable city.

THERE was more fighting when Louis III of Anjou, by a stratagem, got possession of the citadel; but Alphonsus of Aragon ousted him, entering Gaeta in triumph on Christmas Eve, 1435, and he abode there seven years, fortifying the castle and ramparts still more. The city had been made almost impregnable, but the days were rife with struggles, and Charles VIII of Valois, determined to capture it, so straightened the siege around it, that he finally succeeded in entering it, and the unfortunate inhabitants, who had heroically resisted and who deserved a better fate, were barbarously subjected to executions, fire, and sack. Gaeta was so crippled that for years subsequently she was a mere prey tossed about between Anjou, Aragon,



EXTREME SEAWARD POINT OF GAETA. FORTRESS ERECTED BY FREDERICK II IN 1227





GAETA: VIEW FROM THE SEA. BESIDE IT MONTE ORLANDO WITH SEMAPHORE AT THE SUMMIT

and France. Charles V eventually took the coveted prize, toward the end of the fifteenth century, and he first observed that Monte Orlando was poorly defended toward the sea, and built the high walls to westward that are still called by his name.

IN THE sixteenth century the city and harbor were a base for the Christian fleets of Europe engaged against the Turks, and Mark Anthony Colonna after the battle of Lepanto in 1571, brought the great standard given to the forces by Pope St. Pius V, as a votive offering to Our Lady in the Cathedral of Gaeta. It hangs there in the sanctuary and represents Our Lord dying upon the Cross, and St. Peter and St. Paul, one on each side of Him. Underneath in clear script: "*In Hoc Signo Vinces . . .*" the promise made to Constantine. This splendid trophy inspired a modern poet with some stirring lines of challenge during the great war.

"O Gaeta in St. Erasmus, if thou prayest for thy dead,  
Take the sacred flag of Pius, noblest  
of thy treasured hoard,  
Lift and fling its folds triumphant,  
let them crash out overhead,  
As upon Lepanto's breezes, once before  
they sang and soar'd:  
High the standard, strong, unshaken,  
'mid the death-shafts of Ali."  
—(D'Annunzio: "*Song of the Trophies.*")

In 1707 the Archduke of Austria to whom the cabinet politicians had assigned Italy as his portion, and who came down to fight for it, conquered Gaeta after three months'

siege, and for a quarter of a century the troops of Austria held it; until, in 1734, the young Bourbon King Charles III, in his gallant attempt to re-take his Kingdom of Naples, fought his way down the coast, seizing Orbetello and the forts, and last of all, the two impregnable strongholds of Capua and Gaeta. It was at the siege of Orbetello that St. Paul of the Cross ministered to the wounded and dying of the two contending armies, being himself continually under fire.

The Imperial forces took Gaeta for Napoleon in 1806, and Joseph Bonaparte was ephemerally king, being succeeded by Joachim Murat. But in 1821, the Bourbons of Naples won it back, and in 1831 King Ferdinand II having chosen the island city as the summer residence of the royal family, it was much improved and beautified. Here in 1848, Pope Pius IX, fleeing before the revolution, cast himself upon the generosity of the reigning sovereign and by him was welcomed with the magnanimity of a great prince and the devotion of a true son. Since 1861 Gaeta is numbered among the cities of latter-day Italy.

It was a Gaeta far more archaic, far more secluded than the one we know, with its gates closed at nightfall and its guards at the lifted drawbridge, to which two travelers came on foot in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The time of their coming coincided with the latter years of the Austrian occupation, and they had been summoned by the Bishop of Gaeta, Msgr. Carlo Pignatelli, a holy prelate, of the noble Nea-

politain house of Pignatelli, and nephew to Pope Innocent XIII, who had heard of these two humble brothers living as penitents and hermits upon Mount Argentaro, and edifying all who came in contact with them by the austerity and holiness of their lives.

He desired very much to have their presence in his episcopal city as an example and incentive to his flock, more especially as he learned that the adorable Sacrament of the Altar was the flame and light of their life, and that they endeavored to draw all hearts to the same divine magnet.

Blessed Strambi, in his valuable "*Life of St. Paul of the Cross,*" artlessly describes the coming of Paul and John Baptist Daneo to the ancient city. "Having returned to Mount Argentaro, the two brothers were not able to remain there long, for being invited by Msgr. Pignatelli, Bishop of Gaeta, a worthy prelate in the Church of God, to repair to his city, in obedience to and out of reverence for this zealous bishop, they departed from Mount Argentaro, accompanied by the blessing and by a letter of recommendation from Msgr. Fulvio Salvi, Bishop of Soana, in which was briefly set forth the harsh, penitential and edifying tenor of their life. Once in Gaeta their exemplary conduct immediately won for them universal admiration and affection."

IT SEEMS probable that the brothers were first lodged at the "*Santissima Annunziata*" since for years afterwards they had friends among the clergy in residence there.



But, desiring to live in solitude, they besought the bishop to allow them to retire to the "Madonna della Catena," a hermitage some two miles from the city, and of which we will presently speak. "Altogether unusual," continues Strambi, "was the devotion which Paul, and John Baptist like him, nourished toward the Most Blessed Sacrament. Every time they had to go into the city by request of the bishop, or for some other motive, and being unable to return at once to their solitude, or having to remain in town, they descended to the cathedral, and went before the Most Blessed Sacrament, where, kneeling down, they remained long in prayer; nor did they leave the spot unless they were called away. And upon those occasions in which they remained for dinner at the episcopal palace, as soon as they had taken a little food, immediately they went down into the church again, to their Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament who was their love, their comfort, and their true nourishment, supersubstantial and divine; and if by chance the church was not open, they would withdraw to some solitary spot to pray, adoring the Blessed Sacrament in spirit: whence the devotion which the good brothers professed toward the Blessed Sacrament was soon a matter of fame.

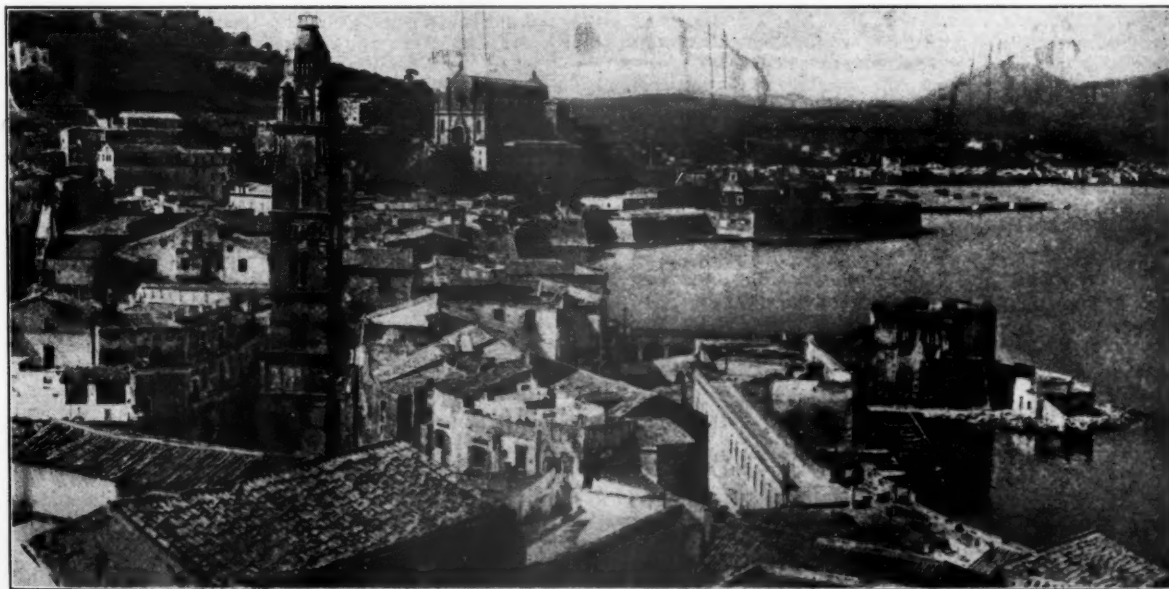
"... The wise bishop was not long in perceiving the extraordinary gifts which the two brothers had re-

ceived from God, and therefore, guided by the same knowledge and discernment which the Bishop of Alexandria had followed in the direction of Paul, he ordered them to teach Christian doctrine in the cathedral, and to instruct the children, and that, being called by the dying, they should go and console them, and prepare them for their passage with lively sentiments of true Christian piety. Furthermore, he desired Paul to give the spiritual exercises to the clerics who were about to be ordained. This unusual determination, for which there were very good reasons, did not fail to call up critics full of the spirit of contradiction, who were forward in censuring the worthy prelate for having the exercises given to the clergy not by a priest but by a simple hermit: but the best and the wisest, of whom the majority of the clergy were composed, rejoiced at the resolution of the prelate since they knew that in Paul the Spirit of God was speaking, and that the words pronounced by him with uncommon fervor and zeal, penetrated the heart and produced great fruit: hence the humble Servant of God, in obedience to the bishop, gave the exercises; and the consolation and the profit of the ordinandi was so great that it fully justified the choice made by the prelate and the approval of the upright which followed it."

Paul Daneo was but little over thirty years of age at this time, yet

he had already written the Rule with which God had inspired him in his solitude at Castellazzo, and which he and his brother were rigorously observing. Their poverty and penance were extreme, their prayer continuous, and virtue to them was the synonym of heroic effort. An incident which occurred at this time shows of what mettle Paul was made. He had been called into the city to assist a poor man who was dying, one Alfonso Alvarez of Spanish descent who lived "below the castle" and it was the custom of the saint to do whatever he could for the body while he labored to succor the passing soul. The patient required the use of a basin, which the humble and holy hermit charitably held for him, but it is probable that the delicate nature of Paul Daneo (and his nature was delicate, and most refined, in spite of the outrageous violence he did it) revolted at the peculiarly noisome and offensive process. The recital of Strambi almost overcomes the reader. Paul of the Cross felt the disgust of nature, and dipping his right hand into the filth of the basin, which he was sustaining with his left, he carried it several times to his lips. One of the most appalling acts of self-conquest ever done.

Blessed Strambi is our authority for saying that Don Erasmo Tuccinardi, to whom several of the saint's letters are addressed after he left



VIEW OF GAETA TOWARD THE GULF. A TWELFTH CENTURY TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL. THE AFFIFI CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS IN THE DISTANCE

Gaeta, was the priest whom the brothers had chosen for their confessor. He was a wise and worthy man and always remained their friend. Probably, as he lived at the Santissima Annunziata, he was one of the twenty-five priests who, according to the ancient statutes of the foundation, were to officiate in the church and recite the divine office together, in the choir with the stalls of carved wood. Probably, too, it was to the Santissima Annunziata that the hermit brothers came to confession.

Don Erasmo is the priest who took from Paul Daneo and treasured as a relic that terrible discipline which still bears the stains of his blood. (It is made of seven small cords, each terminating in an oval of iron garnished with six points.) As we can be sure that St. Paul was a frequent visitor at the Annunziata, so we can be fairly sure that he often prayed in what is now called the "Cappella d'Oro" of that institution, a long, narrow, dark chapel with a rich ceiling of blue and gold. Over the altar is a remarkable picture of

the Immaculate Conception painted by Pulzone three hundred years before the proclamation of the dogma. And there is a pious tradition that it was while praying before this picture that Pius IX, an exile in Gaeta, received the first inspiration regarding the definition of the dogma. It is certain that it was from Gaeta, in a circular letter dated February 2, 1849, that Pius IX asked all the bishops of the church to express their mind regarding this great privilege of the Virgin Mother of God.

(To be continued.)

## Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

### THE BROWN DERBY

To *America* and the author, Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., go our cordial thanks for this remarkable letter, which only a Catholic and poet could write, addressed to Governor Alfred E. Smith:

Dear Al:

You are still, officially, the Governor of the State of New York, and I should not address you with so much informality. I have a dread of being indecorous, and I generally speak of you as "Governor Smith" even to members of my own family. But I am sure you will allow me the privilege of calling you "Dear Al" even though your term in the mansion at Albany has not yet expired, when I tell you that I come from Massachusetts.

It goes without saying, Al, that we Catholics were a tremendous liability to you in your recent campaign. Politically, it hurt you to be one of us. It ruined you. If you could only have disowned us somehow, if you had only soft-pedaled the fact that you go to Mass on Sundays, if you had only snubbed a few Catholic priests in public, or if you had come out with some diatribe against nuns and Religious Orders, or something of that sort, nice and compromising, you could have had the White House, garage and all, for the asking.

We are sorry that you have been so humiliated on our account. We are wholly to blame, Al, and we know it. But, if you remember, we told you it would be that way. We told you what it would cost to be a Catholic: the insults, the ingratitude, and the misunderstanding. We didn't stand by you in the campaign. There wasn't a word in your favor uttered in our pulpits. You stood by us. You wouldn't desert or disown us no matter how much it cost you. You learned long ago in Sunday school the meaning of a little emblem we always carry close to our hearts. It is a crucifix, and on it is transfixed another Happy Warrior who was welcomed by the crowds in Galilee and Judea in His day. He had His Palm Sunday too. But when they balloted to see whether He should live or die, all the votes were against Him.

We are not bitter, Al, over your defeat. If we were a bitter lot, you would have left us long ago, for you are yourself incapable of any bitterness. "It's all right," you

said, "don't mind me," when they told you that the game was up and the solid South had been broken.

There are a number of incidents in connection with your defeat which I could enumerate in order to console you, if I thought you needed to be consoled. Maybe you didn't hear about the band of little boys on our street who had saved all their fireworks from the Fourth of July, to celebrate your victory; and they had to throw them into the river because you weren't elected President. Maybe you didn't hear, either, about the man who tends our railroad crossing, who was found weeping in his shack the night you went down to defeat. I could tell you also about the convent of cloistered nuns who made a novena—not that you would be elected (for it doesn't make much difference to them who is President, as long as he lets them say their prayers)—but in order that you wouldn't be assassinated. They were afraid someone would hurt you, Al, and even to their innocent and unworldly hearts you were utterly precious. I might mention, too, the old lady who stayed up till three o'clock, the morning after the election, saying her rosary and begging the Blessed Mother of God "not to let Al get broken-hearted." The night of November sixth was a night of sixteen million tragedies, and it may cheer you, Al, to know that when you went to bed that night, you did not lie awake alone.

For all that we hurt you, Al; for all that we kept you out of the White House—and we did—there was one thing we gave you which we alone could give. We gave you the Brown Derby. That is our triumph and that is our joy. The Brown Derby is ours, and if you were not a Catholic you would never have thought of it in your hours of success. It was something more than a political slogan. It was an emblem of a heart touched by the light of Faith, of one who, in the sight of the God above him, refused to take himself too seriously. Because you are a Catholic, Al, you can fathom the Divine humor of the universe, and man's rightful and puny place therein. Because you are a Catholic you can see the ultimate purpose of things, the trivialities of time; and you were able to realize that life at its wildest and most exciting moment is nothing more than a bauble and a toy in relation to the eternal destiny for which we are intended. And when they made all but a god of you (and no man in the memory of man was ever heralded with such enthusiasm and wild acclaim as you were), you did not assume the seriousness of a Napoleon and swagger and lord

it over the human masses cheering at your feet; you did not put on the heroic attitude of a Caesar and cry out "Bring me my crown! I feel immortal longings in me!"; in the simplicity of your heart you waved the Brown Derby in the face of the world. It was a Catholic's appraisal of the greatness of this life, and his humble gesture to eternity.

There is something else, Al, for which we Catholics may take credit. You have probably forgotten the incident altogether, but the newspaper reporter at your elbow put it down in black and white. They say you do not read many books and are not overfamiliar with the works of great literature. Nevertheless, Al, you uttered the most poignantly tragic line I have ever read since the day I closed my Homer and left old Priam standing over the dead body of Hector, in the final tragedy of the Iliad. The newspaper says you were sitting at the radio and listening to the last reports of the balloting on election night. One by one, over the air, the returns kept coming in, and it finally dawned on you and all your friends about you that the Republican cyclone had burst and had dashed all your hopes to the ground. "I guess it's all over, Governor," said one mournful voice at your side. "Yes," you said, "it's all over as far as politics is concerned. But remember, this is Katie's birthday. Let's all go up stairs and cut the cake." Al, that line is a masterpiece. It is tremendous, unforgettable, freighted with the poetry of Catholic life. "This is Katie's birthday. Let's all go up stairs and cut the cake." For that one line, at such a moment, when Napoleon might have gone mad, or Caesar taken his own life with a spear, Shakespeare would have taken you to his heart forever. For that one line we Catholics are proudest, and God Himself is most grateful. It is your title to greatness forever.

From now, Al, I hope you will be left alone. You have given your fellow-countrymen enough free happiness; let them now find out how to be happy for themselves. From now on Dr. Cannon, Mrs. Willebrandt, the erudite Mr. Marshall, Senator Moses, the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Fellowship Forum, Mr. Will Rogers and his Volsteadian humor (one half of one per cent!), the Honorable Heflin and everyone else who was so anxious to protect America from you, will let you live your life with your family in peace and contentment. There will be no more prying into the secrets of your household, no more scrutinizing of your literary, cultural, racial, social, political and religious deficiencies. From now on there will be calm and comfort and peace. You can sing "The Sidewalks of New York" at your own fireside with your own little family about you. If you choose to smoke cigars and spit in a cuspidor, that is your business. You can never wear suspenders if your comfort so dictates—and "ain't" and "don't" will be forgiven among your friends. Nobody will hold the Fulton Fish Market against you; nobody will break into a guffaw at the mention of Oliver Street. You can dance and sing to your heart's content, and next year on November sixth there will be another cake for "Katie's birthday."

If sometimes you ever grow wistful, and there crowd back on you the memories of what might have been if you hadn't been one of us; if there ever creeps into your heart the feeling of remorse and regret, put on the Brown Derby we gave you, Al, and go out and look up at the stars.

#### LIFE IN THE RAW

Catherine Beach Ely in *The North American Review* for November draws a serious indictment against the supporters of life in the raw—on paper and on the boards. She claims that it is the middle-aged woman who makes smut on the stage and in the novel profitable. For what it's worth:

Even grandmothers join the parade. A woman, well-informed through long association with playwrights, tells

her impressions when escorted by a sprightly old lady to a play in New York:

"I was disgusted with the whole show. Two men behind us got up and walked out before the first act was half over, but this elderly friend of mine sat there entranced, fairly gloating over it, as did other women in our vicinity. In my opinion it is the nice, moral women who seem to enjoy most the filth on the stage. A New York producer told me of his experience. He was losing money on a clean drama with a great actress as its star, and therefore went to the matinee of a particularly salacious play to observe a money-getting rival production. He was the only man there, so far as he could observe, although the house was packed from balcony to pit, and the women giggled and nudged each other and enjoyed it hugely."

Apparently dowagers betwixt age and youth lead the procession of rank-play addicts. They seek the excitement which the drabness of their minds denies them by a pursuit of life in the raw at intellectually decadent or sensationally vulgar shows. "Hurry to buy a ticket!" implies the eager rush of women to the brutish drama; "the play leaves nothing unsaid—the District Attorney is investigating it—hurry, or it will be padlocked before you get there!"

As for fiction served raw, mature ladies consume one portion after another almost before it falls from the publisher's meat-chopper. "My dear, ask your librarian for *The Sooty Question*—there isn't a moral line in it; every character is bad in every conceivable way. All the husbands and wives are deceiving one another, and the young girls and men are even worse. You *must* read it." In this vein flows the chatter of nice little ladies of unimpeachable reputation who help to fill the pockets of our modern writers of raw stuff.

It is these matrons of impeccable morals, but of errant curiosities, who form the whispering brigade which spreads the fame of "raw" novels and plays. They prolong best seller rumors in the street and corridors of libraries, over the boudoir teacups, and in the restaurants and shopping places. Under this category belong also the tensely intellectual feminists, afraid lest some malodorous excrescence of modernity escape them.

Have men then no influence upon the success or failure of modern plays and novels? Certainly some men do have great authority; but they are busy professionals, rather than social promoters. Masculine amateurs of literary gossip are few, and they do not gossip over recent books and plays as habitually as women do. If they get a good running start, they like to indulge in literary conversation for a time. But they probably do not prattle much over unruly books. On the whole, men chat less than women, perhaps because they have not had the informal environment wherein to cultivate this art. And it is the cozy chit-chat from neighbor to neighbor which makes the small or average seller into the best seller.

#### PILLAR SAINTS

"Men have endured self-imposed fearful things for the sake of religious conviction, or as penance for transgressions real and imaginary" says a writer in *Mentor*, "but the Pillar Saints, or Stylites of the middle ages are unique." Though the author marks a desire for penance as fanaticism, yet his summary of the lives of these great saints is interesting.

The first and most famous of these ascetics was St. Simeon Stylites. Tennyson, in his poem of that name, has given a graphic description of the tortures that the remarkable man endured for the sake of his soul. St. Simeon was born in northern Syria at the close of the fourth century A. D. His thoughts early took a pious trend, and he became a monk in a monastery near Antioch. However, he took his vocation so much to heart that for ten years he lived in



utter seclusion, never moving from his narrow cell. In addition to this, he imposed upon himself such excessive austerities that at the age of 30 he was expelled from the monastery.

Undiscouraged, and with his spirit's eye directed toward the brightness of an eternal reward, Simeon built himself a pillar six feet high, the top of which was a yard in diameter, and on this he had his dwelling place. To add to this, his ordeal, he loaded his neck down with chains. From this pillar he moved to several others in succession, each higher than the last, until at length he attained a height of 60 feet. On this last pillar he spent the rest of his life—30 years—without ever once descending. His disciples provided him with food and drink, by means of a rope with basket attached.

From his lofty position he preached to the numerous pilgrims attracted from all parts of the world by rumors of his sanctity, and he established a sect. He achieved a reputation as a miracle worker. Here, between sky and earth, he made an awe-full sight as he cried out to a sinful world to repent, even as he was repenting. Theodore, a religious historian who knew St. Simeon personally, vouches for these facts.

There were many converts to this barbarous form of asceticism. To its followers the underlying virtue of living on top of a pillar seemed to be its efficacy in separating devotees more completely from earth and their fellow men. There in tiny huts, or entirely exposed to caprices of the weather, men proved by years of sacrifice and suffering their devotion to their faith.

The most celebrated disciple of Simeon was Daniel the Stylite of Constantinople. Daniel's ordeal was even more severe than that of Simeon because of the trying climate along the shores of the Bosphorous, where he built him his pillar. Daniel of Constantinople endured this penance for 33 long, sunbeaten years.

There is only one record of a pillar hermit in the West. A monk, Wulfaicus, attempted the pillar life near Treves about 585, but the clergy of the neighborhood were unsympathetic to this form of self-flagellation and eventually they compelled Wulfaicus to abandon the idea and destroyed his pillar.

Not until the end of the 16th century did the cult of the pillar saints completely disappear from the earth.

#### A GREAT SLEEPY INSTITUTION

Ivor Brown, the London correspondent of the *Evening Sun* (Baltimore) writes the following description of the Church of England for his paper. We quote this without bitterness wondering the while when our brethren of the Establishment will see the light:

It is true that the Church of England is a bit of a joke. Its clerical roll is largely recruited from the middle-class sons who are too stupid to get another job, but the rewards of service in the black-coated proletariat of Canterbury are so small that, although the intellectual qualifications are slight enough to permit cretins to be curates, there is a shortage of candidates for ordination.

The church is not popular. In the Surrey village where I have a week-end cottage its services are patronized by some rich old ladies and a few cottage veterans who have to sit somewhere and are tired of sitting at home. Children are packed off there to get them out of the way while mother cooks the Sunday dinner. But any religious enthusiasm is completely undiscoverable. The church in the English countryside is an institution available for giving tone to the baptizing and marrying of live bodies and the bestowal of dead ones. It has so long been the support of the Conservative party, the landlords and the vested interests that any young person with radical interests is shy of it and the occasional urban outcrop of Christian socialism is quite exceptional and representative of nothing.

But this great sleepy institution, with its superb legacy of architecture and of liturgy, has simply by virtue of its own inactivity been extremely useful. It has set a fashion of *not* fussing about salvation, of *not* soul snatching, of *not* crusading noisily for the glory of the Lord. The non-conformist sects are more pushful and sometimes oppressively so, but their conduct of spiritual campaigning has been influenced by the drowsy decorum of the Church of England so that mere spiritual "stunting" is extremely rare and most unlikely to be successful. In the Celtic parts of the country the violent appeal to the emotions is endemic and the endemic fever occasionally becomes epidemic elsewhere. But over the large surface of England the admirable quietude of the Church of England endures as an example of evangelistic modesty and manners.

There is, I take it, no parallel institution in America. Hence a great public, lacking any ecclesiastical anchorage, is ready for any wind of doctrine, still more for any tornado with an angel choir to mingle the appeals of sound and sex. What Sister Aimee had to face in England was not mistrust of an American (there is no sort of feeling that way) nor opposition to religion in general. What she was up against is the general English conviction that all this sort of thing has been suitably arranged for. The great organization stands, historic, pacific and inclusive; the Church of England contains every kind of Christian preference from that of near-Roman to that of near-nothing. Within limits the church provides all a soul can need. It is free to all and makes no fuss; recumbent in all its beauty of building it has about it the sleep of the ages and its gray hairs have a drowsy dignity.

#### HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

Though not newly written this Passion poem by Joseph Mary Plunkett will live long in the hearts of those devoted to the Crucified:

I see His blood upon the rose;  
And in the stars the glory of His eyes;  
His Body gleams amid eternal snows;  
His tears fall from the skies.  
I see His face in every flower;  
The thunder and the singing of birds  
Are but His voice—and carved by His power  
Rocks are His written words.  
All pathways by His feet are worn,  
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,  
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn;  
His cross is every tree.

#### "ONE VAST GIMLET"

"Because he felt the world 'one vast gimlet,'" says the *New York Sun*, "a young man who signed himself 'Boreful' recently appealed to the readers of the agony column of the *London Morning Post* for help."

His self-description ran something like this: Working for a good salary; not interested in girls because they are too mannish; not interested in modern novels because they are all bilge; no outlet in gambling because of Scottish blood; no more joy in hunting because of mothers of marriageable members. "Boreful" promised to pay for the printing of answers deemed suitable by the *Morning Post*.

Within a fortnight there were 948 responses to "Boreful's" appeal. The most common suggestions were that he travel or read his way out of his boredom. Almost as common was the thought that he could end ennui by buttering somebody else's parsnips. But the letter which touched "Boreful," which shamed him out of boredom, came from an ex-Major (earning less than \$20 a week), who is thankful that he can still afford a bath every day and that he can still sing in it. That letter, it is easy to imagine, was worth more to "Boreful" than any number of lists of fifty helpful books.



# The Peddler of Dreams

A TALE FROM THE MAN WHO TOLD STORIES

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

THERE was a Spanish ship ashore on the rugged coast of Carrigard. Its masts were broken, its sails in shreds; and where the rigging trailed to port a breach in the hull was like a cave's mouth netted in some gigantic spider's web. It was a pitiable sight, that sad shattered battleship of the Spaniards which had withstood the onset of Drake's attack, striven valiantly in conflict, weathered the breakers of the North Sea and the Atlantic, to be battered at last by the fierce seas of the west and flung like an onion-crate upon the Point of Carrigard.

Its crew, some of the choicest seamen and warriors of the Armada, struggled desolately ashore. Conspicuous among them was their leader, Don Carlos, the handsome son of a royal house—so is it in the tradition that lingers—upon whose features, despite defeat and privation, there was written the sign of indomitable courage, and enduring nobility of mind. Immensely tall, stonily calm, with a proud dark eye, and the gait of a king, he led his gaunt mariners into a land which was not entirely strange to him.

They found themselves among their staunchest friends and their deadliest enemies. It was over three hundred years ago, and the bitterest foes of Spain held at that time the upper hand in Carrigard. Along the western sea they kept keen vigil for any remnant of the Spanish fleet, which the winds of chance might deliver into their clutches. Elizabethan forces were plentiful then in the west; and in the pay of that subtle queen were countless other minions of high or low degree, who did not seem to be in the royal service at all. These proved a little too much for the Spaniards' good friends. Many a wrecked warrior of them was safely harbored; many an adventurer, sheltered in security for a time, was enabled to take ship at length from Ireland to Spain; and many a dark-eyed Iberian, who was more fortunate in wooing than in war, cast his lot among the Irish, and sought his southern home no more. But many a sad creature felt the English

halter on his neck, and was led to the gibbet with a price—and not a big price—upon his doomed head.

Perhaps because Don Carlos was a leader, perhaps because he was so noticeably Spanish, the fortune that attended him, once he had parted from his scattering comrades, was little in keeping with what so brave a man deserved. Having wandered some distance inland, he was pounced upon in the Glen of the Oaks by a roving band of soldiery, and led at the end of a rope towards Carrigard. With many a taunt and imprecation they urged their impassive prisoner along the uneven bridle-track. Calm, quite heedless of their contemptuous speech and their predictions concerning the fate of his neck, he went forward with a proud dignity which seemed to give distinction to his captors, and even to the cords that bound him.

PRESENTLY they reached a hill overlooking the sea. Below them the Bay of Carrigard lay, even as it lies to this day, like a blue mirror in a granite frame, or a stone cup filled with bright wine, on which the sun shone goldenly. And by the shore an English schooner was unloading a cargo. Sight of this business-like vessel gave the soldiers the greatest pleasure.

"At last," cried one, "we'll get a bite of clean food, and drink a measure of good men's liquor."

"There will be news from more than one port," said another. "Truss up this dog of a Spaniard, and let us go down and make merry awhile."

"Ay, ay, by my halidom! Tie him and gag him, and bury him here until we are ready to haul the vermin into camp. I have the devil of a thirst for a glass o' grog."

"And it is but becoming to good soldiers of the queen that they should pay her the respect of an humble inquiry as to her welfare and the fate of her enemies. . . ."

"May they all hang as high and dry as this young cockalorum! Here! Pull that ring off; there's a gem in the gold worth more than the yellow

claw which wears it. Heave ho, my hearties! Zounds, you devil, but you have a royal taste in jewelry! Look—there's a ring for you! It weighs like a goblet from Philip's table. Odds fish! But it could verily be a prince's!"

"A pretty ring, and worth a fair dame's fortune. Now, Marry, is the time to trade it for its value: the ship's captain will make as fair an offer as any."

"And then, of a surety, we can drink to the queen, God bless her, and to the destruction of her enemies."

"And may the devil take all Spaniards!"

"Well, this pig needs no more than the sticking. There, by my troth, he lies like a log, dumb and stiff as his pride, and as safe in this copse as a louse in a Spaniard's beard!"

Gagged and bound, Don Carlos was trundled among the trees, and flung with many kicks and bruises into the dank undergrowth, where he lay like one insensible to all further abuse.

"Dashwood will be sentinel. Our prize is worth the watching. Come, Dashwood!"

"No, by my oath! Why should Dashwood lose his share i' the sport? The fellow is as safe in this wilderness as he would be in the Tower of London. 'Sdeath, man, have I not got the gold clasp of his cloak to buy a cask o' burgundy?"

"Beshrew me, Dashwood, but you are a sly dog! Here, caitiff. . . ."

THEY drew near the trooper named Dashwood, and nudged him familiarly, whispering among themselves as they turned toward the sea. Dashwood smiled and stepped back from them.

"Dashwood, you will be sentinel."

"I shall be sentinel. I give you the gold clasp as my surety."

But Dashwood followed his friends in a brief space, stealing silently from the brushwood, and causing no surprise when he overtook them near the bay. They began to trade their spoils for those treasures of the schooner for which they had a liking. By-and-by they were drunken men, indeed, whose oaths presaged scant

clemency for Master Don Carlos.

Now, a traveler out of the east had come into the country at that time, and throve handsomely upon his traffic with the rich and powerful—chiefs in their fortresses, and captains in their castles. Donoch MacLoughlin calls him simply the Peddler, though he hints at mysterious qualities which could identify the Peddler with more than one strange personage of legend and prophecy. He was a small spare man, brown and shadowy, with sorrowful gray eyes, and a peculiar sharp alertness of feature, as if he were eternally upon the watch for the grief which the sorrow in his eyes foreboded. He moved very quietly through a troublous world; his step was gentle, his voice soft, his manner suggestive of patience and long-suffering. He was a winsome little man, brown-bearded, courteous, and with an oriental cast of feature which was not unpleasing. He had long sensitive fingers, as fine as the silks he sold to the fine ladies of the towns, or the fair maids who hailed him from the turrets of moated mansions; and he would seem to have also had a long memory, and a highly sensitive mind concerning justice and injustice. He carried a leathern pack, which he contrived, with singular success, to keep well supplied with desirable wares. He had French silks and Flanders laces, bright pieces of English and Italian cutlery, Damascus cloths, bits of eastern filigree work, a flask or two of Spanish wine, Flemish linens, ribbons from Dublin and London, crystals and jewels, brooches and pins, shining gifts to dazzle lovers' eyes, and homely things to please the thrifty housewife.

AT THE hands of roystering soldiery, the Peddler had suffered loss upon a time, and had since been cautious in his dealings with the blades who served the queen. When he perceived a troop approaching, and noted a captive in their midst, he delayed his journey to the schooner, and withdrew quietly to the depths of the wood which had sheltered him while he surveyed the track. Hidden by the trees, he heard all that passed among the soldiers, and even glimpsed the tall figure of the Spaniard in their midst. And then, when he was quite assured of safety, he stole toward the spot where the prisoner had been flung to await the carousal's end. Bright steel flashed

all at once in his long brown fingers. The hempen cords were cut. The captive stretched, shook himself, and leaped up, clasping the Peddler's hand.

"Don Carlos," said the Peddler, and breathed quickly, staring at one whom he had first seen in Spain.

"Yes, Don Carlos," said the released leader. "And he is exceedingly thankful to his deliverer. I trust that I may be enabled at a future time to repay this almost miraculous kindness."

"Drink," said the Peddler, who had produced from his pack a glass vial with a silver stopper, curiously engraved, "it will refresh you. Then let us go with such speed as we may from this place. There is danger. But I shall lead you to a refuge that will be a refuge indeed."

Drinking from the slender vial, Don Carlos eyed his rescuer with frowning intentness. Perplexity and curiosity mingled in the acute glance, which the Peddler returned with an amused, untroubled gentleness.

"Why," said Don Carlos, leaning nearer, "it is the Peddler. Was it not in Salamanca . . . ?"

"In Seville," smiled the Peddler. "Let us go. The Castle of Clanpatrick is beyond the hill. If fortune favors us we may safely reach it. It is well that you speak so easily the English tongue, for among certain of your neighbors it proves serviceable at this time."

"And the Gaelic speech?" asked Don Carlos, handing the vial to the Peddler, and seemingly already revived by the potency of the rare spirit it held.

"The Gaelic will be also serviceable."

Speaking, the Peddler led the way into the heart of the forest, and gesturing for silence, threaded his way by many a green track and many a brown track, until at last by divers tortuous paths he brought Don Carlos within view of the gray-towered keep of Clanpatrick. And when dusk descended upon a troubled western world, the fugitive was sitting in the great hall, discoursing for the first time with Maebh, the only child of that house, and one of the sweetest maidens of Connacht, destined ere long to be the lovely bride of Don Carlos—the golden link that bound him thenceforth to Ireland. . . .

"And then," writes Donoch MacLoughlin in his quaint and whimsical manuscript, "a hundred years passed

by . . ." . . . Strafford was breaking titles for his master, King Charles, and in the west his agents and place-hunters were busy. There was scarcely an estate or a castle in the country that had not a greedy finger pointed at its wide acres or its noble walls. Covetous eyes were bent upon doubtful leases, and hard-driven scriveners were recording flaws and failures from one end of the year to the other. Clanpatrick's mansion and property at Carrigard was the kind of an estate which Hugo Fitzgibbon deemed a suitable prize for himself, and a most fitting reward for his many loyal services to the king. And when he had chosen this fine prize for his devotion, he began at once to weave the web which would make it securely his.

"STRAFFORD is my friend," he reflected, "and Carlos is but the heir to some damned Spaniard, who had no business to be in the country at all, when he married Clanpatrick's heiress. Gadzooks! But the title of this royal Carlos will give me little trouble! His great-grandfather was an outlaw—it was by a sheer dereliction of duty that he escaped hanging for treason. By my good sword! Had I lived a hundred years ago Clanpatrick would have likewise stretched a rope! Carlos has not the shadow of a title, and I, Hugo Fitzgibbon have much claim upon Strafford, and have well served the king. It shall be done. Carlos, forsooth, to bide there—no, by my good sword! It shall be done. It shall be speedily done."

And it was speedily done. For within a year the family of Carlos was driven from that mansion which had been inherited from Maebh Clanpatrick and Don Carlos; and Hugo Fitzgibbon with great ceremony, and a strong retinue of guards, entered into possession of the property he had long coveted. He and his held it fast. Fortune favored himself, and favored his descendants, who proved adept in swaying backwards and forwards in such a manner as to appear always upon the right side, and never out of the good graces of those in power. But history in one document or another, kept track of them all—and, indeed, spoke highly of not a few of them, whose good deeds are yet remembered.

Ferdinand Carlos and his gentle lady (one of the great de Burgos, who fought bitterly against Fitzgib-

bon) and their three children were now homeless. They were harbored, however, by relatives, and enjoyed for a long time the blessing of kind friends and a settled abode. War following war, and disputes leading to confiscation, these families were at length scattered, and the noble Carlos became poor indeed.

Now, according to Donoch MacLoughlin, there was in that part of the country at the time of Carlos' great losses, a peculiar person who traveled from place to place, selling the bright wares which filled his Peddler's pack. He was a small spare man, brown and shadowy, with sorrowful gray eyes and a manner suggestive of patience and long suffering. Donoch calls him the Peddler. He was a winsome little man, brown-bearded, courteous, and with an oriental cast of countenance which was not displeasing.

This man appeared one day at the rude cabin in the Glen of the Oaks, where Carlos was hiding from his enemies. He greeted him with friendliness and respect, and then drew from his leathern scrip a piece of parchment which bore a message written in the Spanish tongue, and was sealed with a Royal Seal.

"I bring this from a Spanish merchant who lives in the City of Galway," said the Peddler, whose voice was soft and gentle, "he is a rich man, with ships at sea, trading with Spain and France. He bids you welcome to his house, and promises safe passage. . . ."

"No!" cried Carlos. "No! I shall not . . ."

He crumpled the parchment in his hand, crushed it fiercely, then released it suddenly, and glanced at it once more, moodily, like one who is for a brief space torn between two claims upon his affection.

"His Majesty of Spain would be kind to me," he mused aloud, "I shall acknowledge suitably his remembrance of a kinsman. But there are dearer bonds for me in Ireland—dearer, deeper, truer bonds. And there is work for me to do. My home has been pillaged from me. I am a fugitive this moment from enemies who would drive me into the sea . . ."

"They will surely drive you into the sea," interjected the Peddler. "Heed the message of the King and take ship to Spain. Heed my friend who offers sanctuary and passage to the

land of your fathers."

"This is the land of my fathers. In this land I will remain. Here, with God's help, shall I conquer my enemies, and recover that which is mine. Carlos will yet possess his righteous inheritance—if not I, then others of my line."

"In the house that united Clanpatrick and Carlos your sons shall rule."

The Peddler's voice was low and solemn, filled with conviction, yet promising naught to the man who listened.

"My sons shall rule, because I shall stay to exact the reparation due to myself and my posterity. The cunning of this Hugo Fitzgibbon, the dark deceit of Strafford: they—they shall be requited. I stay in Ireland, whose enemies are my enemies. My wife and children may journey to Spain, where they will not be outlawed and persecuted. Them I shall confide to the kindness of our good friend and his captains. But I—I shall remain."

"Then let me be guide and protector in their journeying," said the Peddler, with a shade of melancholy, "I would that you also traveled with them."

"No! Not yet. But let His Majesty of Spain send me the help I need, and I shall sail forth to greet the return of my loved ones."

"They will not return."

"They will not . . .?"

Ferdinand Carlos looked sharply at the Peddler, gazed deeply into the sorrowful eyes; then smiled wistfully as his companion shook his head with gentle denial.

"Well, so let it be. I am but a strand in the thread. Time and the world are even as a ball of wool, unwinding slowly. The years are very close together, for all that dust and ashes cloud the crevices between. Justice shall rule me, since I am its servant."

"And I also its instrument. . . . You are weary, Don Carlos," said the Peddler, opening his leathern pack. "Drink from this, and it will refresh you."

He produced a vial of cut glass with a stopper of silver, curiously engraved. When Carlos had drunk, they set forth from the Glen of the Oaks, and traveled in safety until they reached that place where the dear wife and children of Ferdinand Carlos had shelter. To them they made known the message brought by

the Peddler. The wife and daughters were very willing to visit Spain and dwell there for a season. But the son, swearing with much fiery solemnity, declared that he would not forsake his heritage for any reason whatsoever.

Father and son remained in Ireland; and their beloved ones did not return to it. O, life can be hard and merciless and sorrowful! And death can be gentle, death can be kind. . . .

"So greater griefs came to them than they expected," writes Donoch MacLoughlin, "Their enemies seemed to triumph over them. And more than two hundred years passed by. . . . Glenda Fitzgibbon, as delicate and fine as a piece of Dresden china, as beautiful as any girl might wish to be, was the last of her race. Treasure and gold in store, all the wide lands sweeping from the mountains to the sea were hers, and on an eminence overlooking the bay stood Carrig Castle, the stately home of the Fitzgibbons, who had, for centuries, been its lords.

Glenda Fitzgibbon had traveled in many lands, and seen much of the world's vanity. She had been presented to kings and queens, she had listened to the flattery and the foolishness of men and women, she had seen the delights of riches unfolded before her—and she had turned away from them all. She was a girl with a mind of her own, who detested the various conceits of the society in which her guardians had obliged her to move, and was glad always to return to her home betwixt the mountains and sea, where she found the simplicity and peace that she loved. There she had leisure to pore over the books that were her greatest pleasure, to linger with the philosophers of today and yesterday and delve into ancient records of her own family and of others. She painted a little also, and made some very pretty pictures of landscapes in the neighborhood of Carrigard, in addition to several good copies of the old canvases which adorned the interior of the castle.

THREE or four times since her return she had rowed out to the lighthouse which stood like a great stone finger off Carrigard Point, a mile to the southwest. The keeper of the lighthouse was Shane Carlos, whose father had been its keeper before him. He was a young man, tall, singularly handsome and with fine eyes and eager face of the best



Spanish type, as if resemblance to some remote ancestor from Spain had become, in him, very clearly apparent. Though of vigorous athletic build, he was of a retiring disposition, fond of books, with which his rooms in the lighthouse were thickly lined, and fond of ancient things: old histories, old ornaments, old weapons, on which he had become an authority of good repute, having written for the magazines several articles of great interest concerning antiquities of the west.

THIS book-loving, finely-tempered man attracted Glenda Fitzgibbon strangely. He was poor—his books and his pedigree were his only riches—but he became in the girl's estimation a very king among men, for she looked deeper than the gloss of gold, she demanded more than new coats-of-arms and bright counterfeit opinions. And in Shane Carlos she found all that satisfied her mind.

Her acquaintance with the ancient records, and her converse with Shane Carlos himself, her study of old portraits and her knowledge of local tradition, had all made him most interesting to Glenda Fitzgibbon. The story of her own ancestors was familiar to her; and she learned that his had taken every care, generation after generation, to leave behind them a very truthful account of the past.

Her interest in these things, and her neighborly regard for Shane Carlos, led soon to a feeling more lofty and more intimate than his history had inspired. She had reckoned without the man himself, who was greater than his romantic story; and the day came when she loved him, and knew that she loved him. But Shane Carlos was not yet disturbed by any such affection for her at all.

Even as she confessed to herself this new, amazing truth, that she loved Shane Carlos, the lighthouse-keeper, she became very acutely aware of the position in which she stood. She saw herself as others would see her — and especially as Shane Carlos would see her. In fancy the laughter of the world rang for one moment with gay mockery, and a ghostly line of ancestors condemned her with a hollow "Fool, fool, fool. . . ."

Then fancy yielded to truth. Her unique sense of justice triumphed over mean things; and wisdom and love were two bright stars, resplen-

dent in youth's heaven.

"All that I have is his," she told herself. "I owe it at least to my love for that noble man to make restitution. Truly, my fathers drove him into the sea—it is for myself to reinstate him in his house. Who knows what kind of poor pitiful baggage I might have been this day were it not for the estates of Clanpatrick and Carlos? But O, my love, my love, it would be passing sweet for you to share his dear home with him who would be your prince for all time!"

And while Glenda Fitzgibbon cried thus in the sanctity of her heart, the prince of her desire was netted in a foolish man's dream of Binia Blake, that quiet mouse of a woman, whose quietude, seeming a most desirable thing, had combined with her prettiness to ensnare him. She liked him because he was big and handsome and unusual, but she could not forget that he was the keeper of the lighthouse, unworthy of such as she, whose father had bequeathed her the ransom of a king and five great houses in Galway city. The man of her choice was Murrish Leonard, the famous horse-breeder who lived in Altavanach Lodge, and was a son of one of the most powerful men in Connacht, Caireal Leonard, the coal-merchant and shipowner.

Now, Murrish Leonard had met several women who were much to his liking, but none who made such an appeal to him as she who had inherited the ransom of a king and five great houses in Galway city. And he was not pleased to find Binia Blake meeting the lighthouse-keeper from time to time when business brought him ashore. It seemed an affront to his own great dignity.

"Upon my soul," he declared one Christmas Eve to Binia Blake, "I don't understand this thing at all. Coming along by the shore today I saw this Carlos chap buying Christmas gifts from a little brown peddler, and now I find them here. I'm a jealous person, Miss Blake, and I'd like to know the meaning of it. Surely, you aren't in earnest. That fellow, out there in his conceit that thrives on loneliness. . . ."

"He is my friend, you know."

"These look like lovers' gifts. They are damned pretty trinkets."

"He has a nice taste in all things. He is a scholar. I suppose you've heard of his historical writings in the magazines?"

"I heard about those antiquities.

Are you in love with him, Miss Blake? I ask you in all seriousness."

"They say he is descended from Spanish kings. I might become a princess."

"Princess fiddlesticks! Princess Lighthouse — pardon my too-quick tongue. But you did not answer my question. Do you love this fellow?"

"Why 'fellow'? A descendant of kings, a scholar, an author, who prefers the romantic stone house in the midst of the sea. . . .!"

"Oh, I'm tired o' that old story. We're all descended from kings and scholars. And those old books of his may be useful to him; there's more than one author making a great name for himself at transcription exercises, thieving better men's work. Give the beggar back his gifts, Binia. He isn't your style, my dear. Not fit to lace your darling little shoes. But look—there's a diamond for you! There's my Christmas gift for my queen. Binia. . . . Binia. . . ."

"Oh, Murrish. . . . Murrish. . . .!"

The fine diamond flashed. The next moment it flamed upon the finger of Binia Blake, and Binia Blake flamed to the very passionate kisses of the man who held her so fiercely in his arms, and held her dowsy so constantly in his thoughts. By-and-by, Murrish Leonard said:

"But this Carlos fellow—what will you answer him? How will you acknowledge his Christmas gifts? I am a jealous man, Binia."

"Be jealous always, darling. Will you deliver a most polite message for me?"

"Where, my sweetheart?"

"To Carlos. Bring back his Christmas gifts. If you hurry, you will find him at the 'Shamrock and Anchor.' He went there with some of the fishermen—more Christmas gifts, I suppose—but he must soon be returning to light his lamps."

"He should have stayed with his lamps. The audacity o' the fellow, coming to woo my Binia! I'd like to teach him a salutary lesson, by my soul, for his confounded impudence."

"Teach him any lesson you please, Murrish. There are his gifts. Deliver my message and come to me soon. Soon, Murrish."

"I'll return in fifteen minutes, my treasure."

MURRISH LEONARD hastened out, but he did not return in fifteen minutes. Shane Carlos had left the "Shamrock and Anchor," and Mur-



rish followed him, overtaking him near the Point of Carrigard, a lonely, kingly figure striding toward his lonely boat. No man knows what happened then. Delivering his message, the conceited Murrish must surely have offered insult to a man who would not brook anything of the kind. He had vaingloriously said he would teach him a lesson, and maybe he tried to fulfill the stupid boast. On the Christmas morning the two men were found insensible among the rocks. Murrish Leonard bore the mark of a man's hand betwixt his eyes, and the bloody bruise of a boulder upon his head. He looked like one who had been sent crashing backward by a powerful blow. Shane Carlos, who seemed to have slipped upon the rimy stones, lay at the foot of a rugged declivity, with a deep contusion in his temple, as if he had fallen on a spike of rock, and rolled hopelessly down.

Both men regained their senses on that Christmas morn. But who was to tell the secret of the lighted lamps that flashed out through the Christmas Eve twilight at their appointed time, and burned over the face of the waters until day gave its signal for their quenching? And why when Murrish Leonard failed to return to her did not that quiet mouse of a woman, Binia Blake, make quest of the man who loved her dowry? This question is easily answered: Binia did not trust Murrish, and came at once to the conclusion that he had forgotten his love for her in another woman's smile, or in the good points of one of the neighbor's horses.

THE mystery of the lights was not explained. No man had perceived anything strange, and all men wondered at the strangeness of what had happened. The queerest and most fantastic opinions were expressed among the Carrigard folk; and superstitious people shook their heads, looking very wise at any man who dared to be incredulous regarding mystic visitations.

And yet, says Donoch MacLoughlin, it was the most natural thing in the world. There had come to Carrigard on that Christmas Eve a peculiar person whom Donoch names simply as the Peddler. He was a little slight man, brown and shadowy with sorrowful gray eyes. He was very alert of expression, but very gentle of manner. He carried a leathern pack, well filled with bright and at-

tractive wares for the Christmas time. Very quietly he moved through a troublous world, his voice soft and mellow, his aspect suggestive of patience and long-suffering. He had the look of a person who was a little out of the common, who might have dwelt in uncommon places, and witnessed strange deeds at one time or another time.

On Christmas Eve he had gone up even to Carrig Castle with his intriguing peddler's pack; and the beautiful Glenda Fitzgibbon had been greatly taken with the little brown-bearded courteous man, and his pretty and quaint wares, which seemed to belong to a time when craftsmen took a greater pride in the shaping of fine things. Glenda Fitzgibbon made several purchases from the Peddler's pack, and the two of them talked a good deal concerning Shane Carlos. It was easy to divine from Glenda's speech of him that she loved Shane Carlos. Indeed at that very moment there lay upon her writing-table a most important letter which she had just penned to the keeper of the lighthouse; and hearing that the Peddler had seen him in the village, she sent the letter to him with that picturesque little wayfarer who had appealed to her so much. The Peddler, delighted to be her messenger, went forth like one on wings.

She did not see him again. When she came down to the beach on Christmas Day, she was greatly agitated. She gave instructions at once that Shane Carlos was to be brought in her carriage to the Castle. Then she inquired for Shane's boat, and was not surprised to learn that it remained at the point, where he had moored it on Christmas Eve.

"I should like to go to the lighthouse," she said; and Hamish Murphy and Cashel Coyne stepped immediately into the boat.

But when they reached the lighthouse, they found little of mystery

in it. The great iron-studded door, which Shane Carlos never locked behind him, yielded to Cashel Coyne's vigorous push, and they found the interior as it had always been. Only, in a room filled with books, maps, and charts, Glenda Fitzgibbon found on Shane's table not one letter, but two. With a breath of relief, she lifted that which she had herself written.

"I shall not open it," she whispered. "Whatever betides, the Christmas gift that I dared to send him shall be his. The ancient title of Ferdinand Carlos is Shane's title. Ah, me, it is scarcely my gift at all."

WHEN she saw that the second letter was inscribed in crabbed brown characters of style antique to herself. It was written upon an ancient yellow parchment, and worded thus:

*"My vigil is ended. You have restored to him his inheritance. The love you bear him, the same will be returned in royal measure. Be of good heart, fearing not for the future, grieving not for the past, since both are now enshrined in one gift that is holy."*

"And three hundred years will pass by," concludes Donoch MacLoughlin. "And all the burdens o' time will vanish into mystery, and no man will know the true name o' that good Peddler who drew the strangest treasures from the bright merchandise o' dreams that filled his leathern pack."

"And it was the good Peddler who lit the lamps in the lighthouse and quenched them on Christmas morning?"

"To be sure; it was none but himself."

"And where did he go then?"

"Where do peddlers always go but from one parish into another parish—and from one year into another year? And that is the end o' the story."

## Valuation

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

COOL man—that wise would be—  
Makes treasure of earth's dross;  
It took a God to see  
The beauty of a cross.

# The Oxford Movement

WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC REVIVAL

By LEO WARD

ALMOST all that is characteristic of the Church of England today may be traced to one or other of three great movements of religious revival in the first half of the nineteenth century: the Evangelical, Liberal and Tractarian Movements. Most obvious to the man in the street is the external transformation wrought by the Oxford or Tractarian Movement, better known today as the Anglo-Catholic Revival.

The Anglican Church, as depicted in the daily press, owes almost all its outward appearance to its influence. The surplice has replaced the Geneva gown and the Roman collar is now far commoner than the white tie. The title of "priest" is now accepted by many whose intellectual ancestors would have abhorred it. Even the vestments of the Roman Mass are worn by some; and the practice of Confession is adopted by the very devout—for whom perhaps it is not so obviously suitable. Incense and holy water are to be found in many an Anglican parish and even bishops don the Roman purple on solemn occasions.

Yet the common description of the Oxford Movement as a ritualist revival is a singularly unfair one. It was much more than that. It was a conscious attempt to recapture the mind and spirit of Christianity after a period of moral deadness and in an age when all definitely supernatural religion was threatened with overthrow. In this sense it should be regarded as the ally, if also the rival, of the Evangelical Revival which so shortly preceded it. But it was far more intellectual, with a wider culture and a more conscious philosophy.

It was comparable rather to the contemporary anti-rationalist movements which led so many French and German thinkers into the Catholic Church. The "age of reason" had been almost as destructive of religion in England as on the continent. There had been no French Revolution to secure its victories by means of political weapons. But the clergy themselves had become so dead to the seriousness of their spiritual calling that the means of revival, especially

among the intellectual classes, appeared even slighter in England than in France. The Catholic Church in England was almost non-existent. Its priests numbered about 400 in 1804 as against some 4,000 today. The typical Anglican clergyman was the amiable but futile gentleman painted for us, without any wilful malice, by Jane Austin.

The first conscious stirring of life came indeed from the Evangelicals, though a broader intellectual foundation was being laid by Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his *Aids to Reflection*. But the mind of the day was liberal and in that age liberal usually meant anti-Christian. The elder Mill and Bain and the Utilitarian school was in the ascendant. An attempt to combine the Christian outlook with a liberal philosophy was made indeed by the school of Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

UNLIKE that of such Catholic liberals as Lacordaire, Arnold's liberalism was applied to the religious rather than the political sphere. It was an attempt to modify the unchangeable Christian revelation rather than to attack the social abuses which were the result of deviations from its principles. Not that Arnold would have gone the lengths of many of his successors. He believed firmly in the Godhead of Our Lord, but he did not derive a full supernatural philosophy from that belief, and his teaching would certainly have been condemned by a Cardinal de Berulle as wanting in the one thing essential to religion, the note of "Théocentricité."

It was in fact so condemned by the Tractarian leaders in spite of their admiration for his uncomprising moral standard. Newman, whose early piety had been Evangelical with a strong tinge of Calvinism, was for some time strongly influenced by the Liberals or "Noetics" as they were called. Dr. Richard Whately was his friend and master, and as Fellow of Oriel he found himself in the company of Hawkins and Davison.

But in 1828 a change took place.

Illness and the death of a beloved sister deepened his sense of the need of a directly and consistently supernatural religion. He began to discern an irreligious tendency in the Noetics. Their anxiety to clear the decks of traditional Christianity of all which might be regarded as superstition or accretion often seemed hasty and superficial, and betokened a lack of reverence before the realities to which their arguments referred.

NEWMAN was then under the influence of John Keble (also a Fellow of Oriel) who had already perceived the dangers of dissolution in the Christianity of the Liberals. Both were in revolt against the revolutionary mentality which was leading English opinion away from the church and threatening disestablishment. Both felt the need of an intellectual basis for personal piety. Both sought and found it in the study of Christianity as a fact in history, always consistent with itself and always unlike any other religious or philosophic system.

This is the theme of Newman's greatest work, the "Development of Christian Doctrine." In that famous book he pleads for the consideration of Christianity as an objective fact, not merely as the inspiration of vague if noble sentiments. From the first Christianity has declared itself to be God's final revelation to mankind, including indeed but infinitely transcending all the truths contained in other religions or philosophies. The belief that God has visited His people by taking to Himself our human nature "that we may become partakers of His divinity" was the good news which converted so great a part of the Roman world within a hundred years of the Crucifixion and has continued to inspire a great body of believers in every age. That truth contains mysteries concerning God and man which are beyond though not against our reason. The human mind has again and again sought to undermine or explain them away. But the "body of all true Teachers" founded by Christ has been ever protected from admitting such doctrines as would contradict the original be-

lief and has saved that belief by defining its implications more fully and more exactly. "He that heareth you heareth Me" and "go and teach . . . I am with you all days even to the end of the world" are the warrant of the Church's infallibility.

Newman saw that only by a strong sense of their supernatural citizenship in the Body of Christ could Christians hope to withstand the naturalistic outlook of the day with its practical denial of the unearthly ideal of the gospel. He perceived that this corporate sense had been strong in the primitive church and had lasted among all Christians until the advent of Protestantism with its individualist and largely subjective outlook. He believed, however, for a long time that an external and visible unity was not essential to the Body of Christ, and that the established Church of England, by retaining the Creeds in her formularies, was entitled to a place in the Catholic Church.

Thus he and the other leaders of the movement—Keble, Pusey, Hurrell Froude and the rest—insisted strongly on the essential continuity between the medieval and modern *Ecclesia Anglicana*, and this continuity should, they held, be emphasized by a respect for ancient ecclesiastical practices. Newman himself cared little for ritual as such, but these outward marks of their inward conviction were widely popular among his followers in the movement.

Dean Church's history of the movement contains a graphic description of the Oxford of that day:

"THE scene of this new movement was as like as it could be in our modern world to a Greek or an Italian self-centered city of the Middle Ages. Oxford stood by itself in its meadows by the rivers, having its relations with all England, but, like its sister at Cambridge, living a life of its own, unlike that of any other spot in England, with its privileged powers, and exemptions from the general law, with its special mode of government and police, its usages and tastes and traditions, and even costume, which the rest of England looked at from the outside, much interested but much puzzled, or knew only by transient visits. And Oxford was as proud and jealous of its own ways as Athens or Florence; and like them it had its quaint fashions of

polity; its democratic Convocation and its oligarchy; its social ranks; its discipline, severe in theory and usually lax in fact; its self-governed bodies and corporations within itself; its faculties and colleges, like the guilds and 'arts' of Florence; its internal rivalries and discords; its 'sets' and factions."

"Oxford was a place where everyone knew his neighbor, and measured him, and was more or less friendly or repellent; where the customs of life brought men together every day and all day, in converse or discussion, and where every fresh statement or every new step taken furnished endless material for speculation or debate, in common rooms or in the afternoon walk. And for this reason, too, feelings were apt to be more keen and intense and personal than in the larger scenes of life; the man who was disliked or distrusted was so close to his neighbors that he was more irritating than if he had been obscured by a crowd; the man who attracted confidence and kindled enthusiasm, whose voice was continually in men's ears, and whose private conversation and life was something ever new in its sympathy and charm, created in those about him not mere admiration, but passionate friendship, or unreserved discipleship. And these feelings passed from individuals into parties; and small factions of a limited area. Men struck blows and loved and hated in those days in Oxford as they hardly did on the wider stage of London politics or general religious controversy."

While Newman may be described as the philosopher of the movement, its original inspiration was largely derived from John Keble, the poet of "The Christian Year," and from his pupil Hurrell Froude. Newman himself dated its inception from Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy" preached in 1833, a protest against the suppression of several Irish Bishopricks. But even before this Hurrell Froude had felt the need of a vigorous fight on behalf of church principles against the Liberal tide represented by the French and Belgian Revolutions of 1830, and the first step in his view—which was not shared by Newman or Keble—was to be the liberation of the Church of England from the dead hand of the Protestant Toryism of "pampered aristocrats."

His inspiration was drawn from

Catholic models, especially those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He was the first of the Tractarians to attack the Reformation openly and to suggest that Rome was not quite so black as she had been painted. Essentially a fighter as well as a brilliantly clear thinker, he was perhaps the most modern and the least Victorian of the Oxford leaders. The movement was still young when he died in 1836.

In later years the party came to be called "Puseyite" from the support given to it by so distinguished a scholar as Dr. Pusey whose Regius Professorship marked him out as in some sense its chief. But Newman's influence became increasingly dominant and "credo in Newmannum" was the motto of many of the younger men. The saintly character of Keble, the learning of Dr. Pusey, the energetic brilliance of Hurrell Froude as well as the intellectual and moral gifts of men like Isaac Williams and Charles Marriott justified T. H. Mozley in saying that "there never had been seen at Oxford, indeed seldom anywhere so large and noble a sacrifice of the most precious gifts and powers to a sacred cause." But among them all Newman remains the dominating mind and character. "The rest were all but ciphers and he the indicating number," wrote James Anthony Froude (*Short Studies IV*, p. 270).

IF KEBLE'S sermon in 1833 was the start of the movement its general urgency had been evident to Newman during the preceding year. In 1832 he made a voyage in the Mediterranean with his friend Hurrell Froude. He was disgusted by the symptoms of French anti-clericalism which he encountered and "had fierce thoughts against the Liberals," who in England as on the continent appeared so ready to deprive Europe of her Christian inheritance. A French ship was at Algiers: "I would not even look at the tricolor" he writes. He visited Rome and recalled Athanasius' visit to the City of Peter. Rome charmed him in spite of his horror of "popery." Soon after his return to Oxford a determined agitation on behalf of the Catholic character and rights of the Anglican Church was agreed upon by Newman and his friends.

It was to be conducted by means of tracts: hence the name of Tractarian given to the movement. These tracts



were largely written by Newman himself. They dealt with the essential idea of a Teaching Church, with the comparative corruptions of the various existing "churches," and with the continuity of the actual Church of England with the pre-reformation church.

THE movement spread with great rapidity and gradually attracted widespread attention. Newman himself rode from parsonage to parsonage with bundles of tracts and his personal influence counted for much in winning respect for its ideas. His sermons as Vicar of St. Mary's (the University Church) were for the most part purely spiritual, but as such they were the most effective means of preparing men's minds for the acceptance of Catholic doctrine.

In 1836, he assumed the editorship of a review call the *British Critic*, which became the organ of the party. The power which the movement had acquired was displayed by an event which occurred when in 1836, Dr. Hampden, a liberalizing Protestant had been appointed Regius Professor of Divinity by Lord Melbourne. By a majority of 474 against 94 in Convocation, the new Regius Professor was deprived of his vote in the election of the university preachers, on the ground of the unorthodoxy of his "Bampton Lectures." All England was becoming interested in this new outburst of ecclesiastical zeal and its Protestant elements were beginning to take alarm. The movement had become the topic of discussion in Oxford itself. "All subjects in discussion seemed to lead up to the Tractarian doctrines," wrote Dean Church, "art and poetry, gothic architecture and German romance and painting, the Philosophy of Language, and the novels of Walter Scott and Miss Austin Coleridge's transcendentalism and Bishop Butler's practical wisdom, Plato's ideas and Aristotle's analysis. It was difficult to keep them out of lecture-rooms and examination for fellowships."

Three men should here be named, who exercised a determining influence on the later course of the movement: F. W. Faber, J. D. Dalgairns and W. G. Ward. "Faber," writes Dean Church, "was a man with a high gift of imagination, remarkable powers of assimilating knowledge and a great richness and novelty and elegance of thought, which with much melody of

voice made him ultimately a very attractive preacher." Dalgairns was essentially a theologian, an almost French combination of mystic and logician. "Mr. Ward," writes Dean Church, "had distinguished himself greatly at the Oxford Union as a vigorous speaker, at first on the Tory side; he came afterwards under the influence of Arthur Stanley then fresh from Rugby and naturally learned to admire Dr. Arnold; but Dr. Arnold's religious doctrines did not satisfy him, the movement, with its boldness and originality of idea and ethical character, had laid strong hold on him, and he passed into one of the most thorough-going adherents of Mr. Newman. There was something to smile at in his person (he was very stout) and in some of his ways—his unbusiness-like habits, his joyousness of manner, his racey stories; but few more powerful intellects passed through Oxford in his time, and he has justified his university reputation by his distinction since, both as a Roman Catholic theologian and professor\* and as a profound metaphysical thinker, the equal antagonist on their own ground of J. Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. He used to divide his friends and thinking people in general into those who had facts and did not know what to do with them, and those who had in perfection the logical faculties, but wanted the facts to reason upon. He belonged himself to the latter class."

NEWMAN'S mind was principally occupied with the historical development of Christian thought, Mr. Ward's with its logical implications. For him the choice between the Roman and the agnostic positions became a more and more inevitable issue. He cared far less than Newman for the existing Church of England and far more for the existing Church of Rome. In Mr. Ward's case, as in Newman's, a characteristic piece of writing met with official condemnation. That of Mr. Newman was the famous Tract 90, an attempt to explain the Thirty-nine articles in a Catholic or, as Mr. Ward called it, a non-natural sense; that of Mr. Ward was the "Ideal of a Christian Church" in which he formally adopted the position that

\*Though a layman he was appointed Professor of Dogma at St. Edmund's College, Ware,

Rome was the model which Anglicans must copy.

After the publication of Tract 90, official Oxford definitely opposed the movement. "Four tutors protested, six doctors suspended, Hebdomadal Boards censured, deans of colleges changed the dinner hour so as to make the hearing of Newman's sermon and a dinner in Hall incompatible transactions," wrote Lord Coleridge. In 1841 the year of Tract 90 Newman left Oxford itself and with a group of friends adopted a quasi-monastic life in the group of cottages at Littlemore. He was, however, constantly visited by his friends.

Among these was Mr. Ward who, says Dean Church, was "continually forcing on Mr. Newman socalled irresistible inferences: 'If you say so and so, surely you must also say something more' . . . (Mr. Newman) had to take Mr. Ward's questions, not when he wanted to have them and at his own time, but at Mr. Ward's. No one can tell how much this state of things affected the working of Mr. Newman's mind in that pause of hesitation before the final step." After Newman's retirement from active participation in the movement, Mr. Ward became, in Dean Bradley's phrase, its "acknowledged leader."†

His "Ideal of a Christian Church" was published in 1844 and officially condemned along with Tract 90 the following year. Its exhortation to English Churchmen to "sue humbly at the feet of Rome for pardon and Restoration," roused a storm of indignation. Mr. Ward was deprived of his degree. This decision represented the mind of official Oxford in its later opposition to the movement. But it was greeted by the undergraduates with cheers for Mr. Ward and snowballs for the vice-chancellor.

DEAN STANLEY describes the final crisis of the movement in a striking fly-leaf called "Nemesis." He contrasts the condemnation of Dr. Hampden for his "Bampton Lectures" in 1836 with that of Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward in 1845. The wheel had come full circle. The victors of 1836 were the victims of 1845:

"1. In 1836 Dr. Hampden was censured by Convocation on an un-

†See Bradley's "Recollections of Dean Stanley," p. 65.

defined charge of want of confidence. In 1845 Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are to be censured by the same body.

"2. In 1836 the country was panic-stricken with a fear of Liberalism. In 1845 the country is panic-stricken stricken with a fear of Popery.

"3. Four hundred and seventy-four was the majority that condemned Dr. Hampden. Four hundred and seventy-four is the number of requisitionists that induced the censure on Mr. Newman.

"4. The censure on Dr. Hampden was brought forward at ten days' notice. The censure on Mr. Newman was brought forward at ten days' notice.

"5. Two Proctors of decided character and of supposed leaning to the side of Dr. Hampden, filled the Proctor's office in 1836. Two Proctors of decided character and of supposed leaning to the side of Mr. Newman, filled the Proctor's office in 1845.

"6. The *Standard* newspaper headed the attack on Dr. Hampden. The *Standard* newspaper heads the attack on Mr. Newman.

"7. The *Globe* and *Morning Chronicle* defended Dr. Hampden. The *Globe* and *Morning Chronicle* defend Mr. Ward.

"8. The Thirty-nine Articles were elaborately contrasted with the writings of Dr. Hampden, as the ground of condemnation. The Thirty-nine Articles are made the ground of the condemnation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"9. The 'Bampton Lectures' were preached four years before they were censured. The 90th Tract for the *Times* was written four years before it is now proposed to be censured.

"10. Two eminent lawyers pronounced the censure on Dr. Hampden illegal. Two eminent lawyers have pronounced the degradation of Mr. Ward illegal.

"11. The *Edinburgh Review* denounced the mockery of a judgment by Convocation then. The *English Churchman* denounces it now.

"12. And if, on the one hand, the degradation of Mr. Ward is more severe than the exemptions of Dr. Hampden; on the other hand, the extracts from Mr. Ward give a truer notion of the 'Ideal' than the extracts from Dr. Hampden of the 'Bampton Lectures'."

In September of the same year, Mr. Ward became a Catholic. Mr. Newman was received into the church

a month later by the Venerable Father Dominic Barberi, Passionist. During the next few years about 100 prominent converts joined them. Mr. Newman's final decision was certainly influenced by Cardinal Wiseman's article on the "Donatists" in the *Dublin Review* in which he compared the African schism with that of modern Anglicanism, as well as by such public events as the appointment of a Bishop of Jerusalem by the combined action of the English and Prussian established churches, a decision which seemed to demonstrate the Protestant character of the Anglican Church. But the intellectual grounds of his conversion can be studied in the book he began as an Anglican and finished as a Catholic: "The Development of Christian Doctrine."

THAT essay, which culminates in a defence of the existing Catholic Church in communion with the See of Peter, was originally intended to be an examination of the nature of Christianity as an historic fact, of its special character and claims in contrast with the world around it. This brief account of the Oxford Movement may fitly close with a famous passage in which its leader defines with characteristic depth and clearness the "dogmatic principle" for which the movement stood, that principle whereby the church's witness to a supernatural revelation has ever been attested. He first defines its special character and then contrasts it with the view of religion which has always appealed to the world, and not least to the modern world of today:

That there is a truth then; that there is one truth; that religious error is in itself of an immoral nature; that its maintainers, unless involuntarily such, are guilty in maintaining it; that it is to be dreaded; that the search for truth is not the gratification of curiosity; that its attainment has nothing of the excitement of a discovery; that the mind is below truth, not above it, and is bound, not to descend upon it, but to venerate it; that truth and falsehood are set before us for the trial of our hearts; that our choice is an awful giving forth of lots on which salvation or rejection is inscribed; that "before all things it is necessary to hold the Catholic faith"; that "he that would be saved must thus think," and not otherwise; that, "if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding, if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and

find the knowledge of God." This is the dogmatical principle which has strength.

"That truth and falsehood in religion are but matter of opinion; that one doctrine is as good as another; that the Governor of the world does not intend that we should gain the truth; that there is no truth; that we are not more acceptable to God by believing this or that; that no one is answerable for his opinions; that they are a matter of necessity or accident; that it is enough if we sincerely hold what we profess; that our merit lies in seeking, not in possessing; that it is a duty to follow what seems to us true, without a fear lest it should not be true; that it may be a gain to succeed, and can be no harm to fail; that we may take up and lay down opinions at pleasure; that belief belongs to the mere intellect, not to the heart also; that we may safely trust to ourselves in matters of faith, and need no other guide—this is the principle of philosophies and heresies, which is every weakness."

This characteristically bold contrast is then illustrated by a picture of the struggle which the faith has from the beginning sustained and in which its strength has been proved: "Two opinions encounter; each may be abstractedly true; or again, each may be a subtle, comprehensive doctrine, vigorous, elastic, expansive, various; one is held as a matter of indifference, the other as a matter of life and death; one is held by the intellect only, the other also by the heart; it is plain which of the two must succumb to the other." Such was the conflict of Christianity with the old established Paganism, which was almost dead before Christianity appeared; with the Oriental mysteries, flitting wildly to and fro like specters; with Gnostics, who made knowledge all in all, despised the many, and called Catholics mere children in truth; with the Neoplatonists, men of literature, pedants, visionaries, or courtiers; with the Manichees, who professed to seek truth by reason, not by faith; with the fluctuating teachers of the school of Antioch, the time serving Montanists and harsh Novatians, who shrank from the Catholic doctrine, without power to propagate their own. These sects had no stay or consistence, yet they contained elements of truth amid their error, and had Christianity been as they, it might have resolved into them; but it had that hold of truth which gave its teaching a gravity, a directness, a consistency, a sternness, and a force, to which its rivals for the most part were strangers. It could not call evil good, or good evil, because it discerned the differences between them; it could not make light of what was so solemn, or desert what was so solid. Hence, in the collision, it broke in pieces its antagonists, and divided the spoils.

This was but another form of the spirit that made martyrs. Dogmatism was in teaching what confession was in act. Each was the same strong principle of life in a different aspect, distinguishing the faith which was displayed in it on the one hand from the world's religions on the other. The heathen sects and the heresies of Christian history were dissolved by the breath of opinion which made them;

paganism shuddered and died at the very sight of the sword of persecution, which it had itself unsheathed. Intellect and force were applied as tests both upon the divine and upon the human work; they prevailed with the human, they did but become instruments of the Divine. "No one," says St. Justin, "has so believed Socrates as to die for the doctrine which he taught. No one was

ever found undergoing death for faith in the sun."† Thus Christianity grew in its proportions, gaining aliment and medicine from all that it came near, yet preserving its original type, from its perception and its love of what had been revealed once for all and was no private imagination.

†Justin, Apol. 2-10, Tryph. 121.

## Personalities of the Month

WHO WERE BORN OR DIED IN DECEMBER

GERALD GRIFFIN

*Irish Poet and Novelist*

**R**EMATURE death seems to be the fate of many of Ireland's greatest leaders and most outstanding figures. There are Robert Emmet, and Charles Parnell, and that fearful holocaust of young Irishmen during Easter week of 1916. Then, Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith of more recent date. Gerald Griffin too, died young; he was only thirty-six. But into that brief span of life he crowded the achievements of an ordinary lifetime, for we remember him as poet, novelist, dramatist, and finally Christian Brother. Born in the beautiful old city of Limerick December 12, 1803, of a good Irish father and a highly intelligent mother, young Griffin was blessed with a rather more than ordinary education. To his talented mother may be attributed much, for she was possessed of exceedingly fine tastes on most subjects literary, and was moreover, a deeply religious soul.

He thought of becoming a physician, but the love of literature held too strong a hold on him, especially the drama. He went to London at the age of nineteen to sell two tragedies which he had composed. However, he did not meet with the success he had hoped for, and for two years he was a vagrant in the slums of the great metropolis. Meantime he employed his talents at all manner of literary and journalistic drudgery. To disappointment was added ill health in the form of incipient tuberculosis. Finally he obtained permanent employment as a proof-reader. He also wrote occasional

articles for current magazines, and was writing a novel which was later to bring him undying fame. It appeared a year later, when he was twenty-five years old. It was his famous "The Collegians." Not a few eminent critics have adjudged it the greatest of all Irish novels.

He now began to study law at the London University, but gave up to return to Ireland to write his book, "The Invasion," which never attained the popularity of its predecessor. His life in London had had a great effect upon his views of earthly fame and fortune. The rest of his life's story is briefly told. He retired more and more from worldly affairs, living for a while with his brother, and keeping up in a small way his literary labors. Most of his time he devoted to teaching the children of the neighborhood, and spent many hours in prayer and meditation.

In 1838 he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers and in that institute he spent the rest of his days content and happy as Brother Joseph. Of him it has been written, and truly, "that in the realm of Irish letters there is no fame more fragrant than that of Gerald Griffin. His memory stands, that of a sane, serene, highly gifted spirit, who chose in manhood's prime to desert the world for the fuller service of Jesus Christ."

\* \* \* \* \*

FERDINAND BRUNETIERE

*Critic, Professor and Convert*

**T**HE bon mots of this greatest French critic of the latter part of the nineteenth century are con-

tinually being quoted by modern essayists and philosophers. Born at Toulon in 1849 Ferdinand Brunetiere attended the Lycee Louis-le-Grand, but failed in his entrance examinations for the Ecole Normale. He then enlisted for the Franco-Prussian war, and returning became a private tutor. In 1874 he sent his first contribution to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Soon he found himself assistant editor. He was charged by the Naturalists with being an unknown writer of no account, and the name Bruteniere was thought a pseudonym. He soon proved his true intellectual worth, however, by means of his mastery of criticism, his keen and cutting style, and his varied yet minute learning.

In 1893 he was made editor-in-chief of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and although he had attained to no high academic degrees, was appointed professor of the French language and literature in the Ecole Normale, which had dropped him years before because he was a poor Greek scholar, and which would again discharge him after his conversion to the Catholic Church. In 1893 he was elected to the academy. In 1897 he toured the United States and met with applause, approval, and success which no other French lecturer had before attained.

He became a convert to the Faith as a result of a long and thorough study of Bossuet. For ten years before his death he made numerous speeches in all parts of France, and wrote many pages in defence of his new Faith. His great endeavors in this regard were against the free thinkers of his day. One of the most interesting features of his apologetics was his attempt to prove that modern



thought contained in itself, without suspecting it, the seeds of Catholicism. He died at Paris on December 9, 1906. Brunetiere's articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* were gathered together and published in fifteen volumes. He was a past master at the difficult art of convincing large audiences. He possessed all the qualities of the true orator, and had certain uncanny power of conviction which won the immediate sympathy and attention of his most prejudiced hearers.

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### DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN

*Prince, Priest, Missionary*

THIS pioneer priest of the dreary Allegheny Mountain districts of Western Pennsylvania was born at The Hague in December, 1770, scion of one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most influential families of Russia. His father, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin was at the time of his son's birth the Russian ambassador to Holland. Almost from infancy the young noble was subjected to rigid discipline, both moral and intellectual, and was tutored by the best masters of the age. When about seventeen he became a fervent Catholic along with his mother who had been converted the year before. His education completed, he was appointed an aide-de-campe to the Austrian Emperor.

The youthful Demetrius, however, gave signs of becoming a poor soldier, and his parents sent him to America for two years of study and travel. To avoid the inconvenience of traveling as a Russian prince, he went incognito, and assumed the name of Augustine Smith. He was known by this name for many years. Not long after his arrival at Baltimore he resolved to devote his life and fortune to the needs of the Church in America. Accordingly, he entered the new St. Mary's Seminary, where he was ordained in 1795, despite the protests of his family and friends in Europe. He was first stationed in a parish in the City of Baltimore and later transferred to the scattered missions of Southern Pennsylvania. In 1796, while performing the work of the ministry at Conewago, Pa., he received a summons to attend a dying woman at McGuire's Settlement about one hundred and fifty miles away.

It was while on this long journey

that Father Gallitzin conceived the idea of a Catholic settlement. The town to which he had been called seemed an admirable site, and therefore he invested a considerable portion of his large fortune to the purchase of a huge plot of land adjoining a lot of four hundred acres which the founder of the little mountain town, Captain Michael McGuire, had donated to the Church. Bishop Carroll gave the zealous missionary permission to make his permanent abode there, and in 1799 he commenced his career as pioneer priest of the Alleghenies. His territory embraced what now constitutes the dioceses of Pittsburgh, Erie, and most of Harrisburg. From this one may conceive some idea of the incredible toils, hardships, and privations which this heroic prince-priest was forced to endure. He named his colony Loretto, and parceled out the land in small tracts to the Catholic immigrant settlers.

He also built, with his fast depleting fortune, sawmills, gristmills, tanneries, and other places of industrial employment for his people. He did this in lieu of the portion of his father's estate which should be his upon that parent's death. His sister's husband, however, appropriated both her and Father Gallitzin's inheritance, and he was forced to appeal to charity. He now labored with all his accustomed energy to clear the enormous debt which he did near the close of his long life. Notwithstanding his labors he found time to write several essays on Catholic doctrine. He was the first to enter the polemical arena in the United States, in defence of the Church. After forty-one years spent in the most arduous missionary work he died as he had lived since his ordination, a poor man. A bronze statue of him, donated by Mr. Charles Schwab, stands today at Loretto and looks out over the rugged mountains which he traversed so often on errands of mercy.

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### BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION

*Jesuit Martyr of the Reformation*

THERE is an indescribable air of medieval romance which hangs over the life of this heroic Jesuit. He never rode a foaming charger full tilt into the lists. He never bent his knee to receive the knightly accolade,

nor galloped up to the gaudy pavilion to claim the reward of victory from the hands of fair ladies. His coat of mail was the plain Lincoln Green hunting suit with which he so successfully disguised himself; his attendant squire was an humble Jesuit laybrother who served his forbidden Mass; his liege was the great King of Kings; and his reward—martyrdom. Campion's father was a London bookseller, which fact perhaps explains the son's great love for books and study.

His scholarship began to show itself at an early age, for when Mary Tudor entered London, Campion who was but a young lad, was chosen to deliver the address of welcome, which was in Latin. He entered St. John's College at Oxford as one of its first scholars. Here also his abilities were most manifest, and he was called upon to speak at almost every affair of importance. He was appointed junior proctor in 1568 at the age of twenty-eight, and exercised an influence for good over the undergraduates that no other man in any English university ever has except, perhaps, John Henry Newman. Queen Elizabeth, who was later to treat him with such cruelty and contempt, when she visited Oxford in 1566 was so struck by the charm, beauty, and wit of the young tutor Campion that she bade him ask for whatsoever he would.

About this time he began to have doubts as to the deacon's orders which he had taken in the Anglican Church. These scruples became so unbearable that he broke off his happy life at Oxford and set sail for Ireland where he was hidden in various friendly houses, for as a too Catholic minded Anglican he was constantly suspected and in danger. Returning to London he arrived on the day of the martyrdom of another Oxonian, Dr. John Storey. Campion now felt that his vocation was that of a missionary priest, and hastened to the great seminary at Douai. He finished his theological studies and then went to Rome where in 1573 he entered the Society of Jesus. After his tertianship he was appointed to teach at Prague. While there the news came for which his heart had hoped. He and Father Parsons were to go to England as the first Jesuit helpers of the zealous Cardinal Allen. His indefatigable zeal to win Protestants, his eloquent preaching, his courtly hearing, and saintly, scholarly

personality made a profound impression. But soon he found himself a hunted man, a recusant priest, with a price on his head. He fled to the north where he wrote his famous *Decem Rationes* (Ten Reasons for Accepting the Catholic Faith).

He daringly returned to London, but was again forced to flee, this time towards Norfolk where he was basely betrayed into hands of Elizabeth's men. He was thrown into the Tower at first, and then brought to the house of his friend Liecester, where he saw the queen who offered him all manner of preferment would he but forsake his papistry. Refusing, he was returned to his dungeon and racked on several occasions. Finally, he was sentenced to death, and together with Blessed Ralph Sherwin was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, December 1, 1581. He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII in 1886. Possessed of a high intelligence fiery energy, sparkling gaiety, and gentle chivalrousness, he will go down as one of the great Elizabethans, but holy as none other of them all.

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#### ISAAC THOMAS HECKER

*Founder of the Paulists*

ISAAC HECKER was a dreamer. His dream was the conversion of America to the cause of Christ. But unlike most dreamers, and perhaps because he had a Teuton strain in him, he set to work to make his dream a reality, and we have as a result, today, the Paulist Fathers. Born in New York, December 18, 1819, he began his life's work as an apprentice baker, at the age of eleven. Always a studious, thoughtful lad, and eager for knowledge that had been denied him in earlier years, we find him at the age of nineteen studying Kant's philosophy. He also was a correspondent and eventually a great friend of Orestes A. Brownson, the famous American philosopher and social reformer.

Young Hecker was deeply interested in religious problems and became acquainted with the Transcendentalists. Not satisfied with their too-human teachings he sought farther for religious truth and peace of mind, and finally became a member of the Catholic Church in 1844. He was baptized by Cardinal McCloskey, who was then only a bishop. In 1845 he joined the Redemptorists in Belgium. He returned to New York

in 1851 a member of a mission band. The next few years he spent traveling up and down the country preaching and catechising. Meanwhile misunderstanding and dissension had arisen between the little band of American Redemptorists and their superiors in Europe, and Father Hecker went to Rome in an endeavor to settle matters.

Upon the inability of either party to come to terms, Pius IX dispensed Hecker and his four companions from their vows as Redemptorists, and encouraged and authorized them to found a new congregation devoted to missionary work in the United States. They instituted the Paulists, and elected Father Isaac Hecker first superior. He continued in this office until his death in December, 1888. He now began to work with renewed energy and zeal. Especially did he encourage the apostolate of the Catholic press. He organized the Catholic Publication Society, and founded and edited *The Catholic World* which remains a monument to his untiring effort. His one aim in life was the propagation of Catholic

Truth, and all his talent spent itself upon this object.

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#### PATRICK SHEEHAN

*Priest and Novelist*

ALTHOUGH the well-known author of "My New Curate" has been dead these last fifteen years, the Catholic reading public will shortly be urged to read a new novel by Canon Sheehan. It is a novel which he started but left unfinished at his death, and which has now been completed by a priest friend. Canon Sheehan was born at Mallow, Ireland, in March, 1852, and received his education at the famous St. Colman's from which school he matriculated at Maynooth in 1869. He was ordained at a youthful age and sent to England as a missionary. He served at Plymouth and at Exeter and was recalled to Mallow as curate in 1877.

In 1895 he was appointed pastor at Doneraile where he died on December 5, 1913. About 1881 he made his first public appearance in print with an article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*. His efforts received the warm commendation and encouragement of Father Matthew Russell, S.J., who took under wing so many young Irish authors. In 1895 his first novel, "Goeffrey Austin, Student," appeared, and with success. It was a story of student life in Dublin. This work was followed by three other of his well-known novels—"The Triumph of Failure," "Luke Delmege," and "My New Curate." This last was the one which really "made" him, at least as far as the efforts of Father Herman Heuser American readers were concerned. This was due in a large measure to of Philadelphia who has often been termed the "discoverer" of Canon Sheehan.

It was also due in part, aside from literary merit, to the fact that the readers were introduced into an unknown but very real world, the genuine life of the average Irish priest, with its joys, its troubles, its difficulties and consolations. Nearly all his novels had a clerical setting and a clerical touch; in them he often reveals his ideals and aims as a pastor of souls, and generally drew on the life around him for characters. He also wrote two volumes of literary and philosophical observations, and two volumes of sermons.

### *The Christmas Message*

By MAURICE R. CUSSEN

THE dreary landscape stretches wide

Beneath the cold gray sky;  
No golden gorse on the hillside  
Now gladly greets the eye,  
But yet the holly proudly shows  
Its burnished green and red—  
A beauty at the season's close  
When other charms have fled.  
All nature's dead, but yet we feel  
The joys of heavenly love,  
For soon the Christmas bells will peal  
Their message from above.  
The story once so sweetly told  
By angels o'er the snow,  
Is treasured since in words of gold  
By mankind here below.  
For like a light, it shows the way  
Through this dark wilderness—  
Leading us to the endless day  
Of truth and happiness.  
This heavenly story, ever sweet,  
Of our dear Savior's birth,  
Brings comfort from His mercy-seat  
To weary souls on earth.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

## DEAD WORKS NEVER REVIVE

*I would like to know if a person in the state of mortal sin will receive the blessings and benefits and indulgences if they go to Mass every day, and then in the evening go to church, make the stations, pray devoutly, and never miss Mass on Sundays. Or shall that person have to go to confession? If so, after confession will he receive all the benefits and graces and indulgences of the good works which he performed while in the state of mortal sin?*—N. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In order to answer this question clearly it is necessary to distinguish the various kinds of works which a person performs, looking at them in the light of supernatural merit. First, *living* works. They are good works performed in the state of grace. They merit eternal life. Second, *dead* works. They are works which, though good and even supernatural in themselves, are performed in the state of mortal sin, and therefore are not meritorious. Third, *death-bringing* works. They are works which deprive the soul of sanctifying grace, such as all mortal sins. Fourth, *killed*, or mortified, works. They are good works performed in the state of sanctifying grace and meritorious before God, which have been destroyed by the subsequent commission of mortal sin. Your question has reference to the second class of works.

A person in the state of mortal sin performs *good* works only in an objective sense. Subjectively they are *dead* works. Though good in themselves, they are not capable of merit because the soul lacks the first essential condition of merit, which is the state of grace. A person in the state of mortal sin can merit nothing towards eternal life. "As the branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me. . . . Without Me you can do nothing." (JOHN 15:4-5.) To abide in Christ means to be in the state of grace, or Divine Charity. "God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God, and God in him." (I JOHN 4:16.) Therefore all the objectively good works which a person in mortal sin performs profit him nothing for eternal life. St. Paul makes this clear: "If I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (I COR. 13:3.)

However, while it is true that such objectively good works as you mention are not meritorious of eternal life, since they do not spring from charity, they will undoubtedly have this good effect: they will win for the sinner the actual grace to become reconciled to God. Attendance at Holy Mass especially has this effect. But the wonder is how any person who does all these things can be, at least for any length of time, in the state of mortal sin.

There are some merits which do revive. They are the fourth class of works. It is the common teaching of Catholic theologians, based on Holy Scripture, that the merits of good works which have been deprived of their merit by the subsequent commission of mortal sin, revive when the soul recovers the grace of God. "God is not unjust that He should forget your works and the love which you have shown in His name." (HEB. 6:10.)

## SUBSTITUTE FOR STATIONS OF CROSS

*I have been saying the Stations of the Cross for some time, but now I am unavoidably prevented from saying them daily, which I would like to do. Is there any way to say them at home? Are there Stations of the Cross beads?*—N. N.

The Holy See has graciously made a concession in regard to gaining the indulgences attached to making the Stations of the Cross. Those who are sick, or prevented for some good reason from making the Stations in the usual manner, may gain all the indulgences, provided they hold in their hand a crucifix blessed by a priest with the faculty to attach this indulgence, and, while recalling to mind the scenes of Our Lord's Passion, recite 14 Paters, Aves, and Glorias in honor of the Stations, 5 Paters, Aves, and Glorias in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and one Pater, Ave, and Gloria for the intentions of the Holy Father.

Stations of the Cross beads are no longer recognized by the Holy See, and all indulgences formerly attached to them have been withdrawn.

## ORIGIN OF WORD "PROTESTANT": MEANING OF "SATAN"

(1) *What is the meaning and the origin of the word "Protestant"? Does it mean a protest against the teachings of the Catholic Church? (2) How could St. Peter be the Vicar of Christ when Jesus Himself called him Satan?*—S. P. E., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

(1) The word Protestant had its origin in the action of the reformers who protested against the decision of the Diet of Spires in 1529. This Diet endeavored to put a stop to the deeds of violence which had desolated Germany with the introduction of Luther's teachings and so-called reforms. It published a law which enjoined that the decree of the Diet of Worms (1521) permitting Catholics to continue their religious services without molestation should be observed, that the secular princes should mutually observe peace, and not molest each other or their subjects on the score of religion. In other words, the Diet of Worms decreed that all should enjoy freedom of worship, whether they belonged to the ancient Church, or the reformed churches. The reformers met together immediately after the promulgation of the decree of Spires and *protested* against this most equitable decree of toleration for the ancient Church as "contrary to the truth of the gospel." Hence the name Protestant.

(2) The word Satan has nothing whatever to do with St. Peter's office as Vicar of Christ. At the time when Christ uttered the word St. Peter had not received his commission. According to the Gospels of St. Mark (8:33) and St. Matthew (16:23) Jesus said to Peter, when the latter protested about His journey to Jerusalem, where He would be mocked and spit upon and finally crucified: "Go behind Me, Satan, because thou savorest not the things of God, but that are of men." Satan, in Hebrew usage, denotes one who opposes or causes to stumble. In other words—a scandal. Thus in St. Matthew: "Go behind Me, Satan, . . . thou



art a scandal unto Me." This word is frequently used in the Holy Scriptures in this sense. When King David was cursed by Semei the servants of the King angrily demanded that Semei be put to death. But David strongly disapproved, saying: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Sarvia? Why are you a Satan this day to me?" (2 KINGS 19:22) The servants by their counsel would have caused the King to do wrong.

### TILL DEATH

*I go with a man who was married to a Protestant girl before a priest. He is now divorced on the grounds of desertion. Can we obtain a special dispensation to be married? If so, must we go to the bishop or communicate with the Pope?—M. B., JAMAICA, N. Y.*

The man is married till the death of his wife. When she dies he will be free to marry. When that happens there will be no need of a dispensation. In the meantime it is wrong for you to keep company with him.

### TAX OR OFFERING?

*Is a Catholic who marries a Protestant obliged to get a dispensation from the Pope in order to be married by a priest? Must he pay for this dispensation?—N. N.*

Catholics are severely forbidden to become engaged to Protestants, but when they insist on disobeying the laws of the Church, they must apply for a dispensation. The bishops are empowered to grant them in this country, so it isn't necessary to bother the Pope. A small sum is expected from those who are able to pay. This is used for the maintenance of the diocesan chancery office. Even the city license bureau is not in the habit of granting licenses gratis.

### CAIN: CANDLES: ELEVATION

(1) *Who was Cain's wife and what was her father's name?*  
(2) *Why are there six candles on the high altar?* (3) *Is it right for one to look upon the Sacred Host at the elevation of the Mass? I was told that you should bow your head in adoration.—B. D., FLUSHING, L. I.*

(1) Cain and his wife are quite popular with SIGN Post readers. Since it is generally held that Cain married one of his own sisters his father must have been the father of his wife. And Adam was his name. Marriages between brother and sister were allowed by God in the beginning for the propagation of the human race, but prohibited when the race was sufficiently spread.

(2) This number is prescribed by the rubrics for High Mass sung by priests and other inferior prelates. When the Ordinary, or Bishop of the diocese, sings Solemn Mass an extra candle is placed in the middle to signify his authority.

(3) Not only is it allowed, but it seems to be the reasonable thing to do. The priest elevates the Consecrated Species for the purpose of showing Them to the faithful. Pope Pius X granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, plenary once a week, under the usual conditions, to those who devoutly looked at the Consecrated Species during the elevation at Mass and during benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and said: "My Lord and my God."

### ENTERING RELIGION

(1) *At what age are boys received into Religious Orders?*  
(2) *How many Orders receive boys who have vocations, but who are unable to pay for their education?—N. N.*

(1) Aspirants are usually admitted to the preparatory school at the ordinary high school age.

(2) We have no data on this question. The superior of each Order will gladly consider the merits of deserving boys.

### READING THE BIBLE

*Is the Bible a good, pure book to read?—N. N.*

The Bible is God's book. Consequently it is a good book, the best of all books because it contains the revelation of God and has the Holy Ghost for its author. But sometimes even good books are not fit for all kinds of readers. Medical books are good books, but no physician would think of lending books of this kind to every kind of reader. This is not the fault of the books but it is due to the indisposition of the reader. There are parts of the Bible which may be occasions of sin to some people. Therefore they should not be read. There are so many elevating parts to the Bible, especially the New Testament, that no one should stumble over the more rugged parts.

### GRACE AT MEALS

*Is it a sin to neglect to say grace before and after meals? If so, what kind of sin?—G. D., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.*

There is no positive precept to say grace before and after meals. Therefore to omit it can hardly be called a sin. Though no precept to say grace can be shown, this very becoming practice is sanctioned by both reason and Faith. It was customary for the early Christians to begin every action with the sign of the cross, and never did they sit down to meat without making this sign and turning the mind to God. "Whatsoever you do," says St. Paul, "do all in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, whether it be eating, or drinking." And "in all things give thanks." This beautiful custom, sad to confess, is dying out. There are Catholics who never seem to raise their minds to God either before or after meals. Surely, there ought to be a marked difference between animals and human beings, especially Christians, when eating.

### GOD'S PERMISSION OF EVIL: SALVATION

*I note in the August issue of the SIGN Post your answer to M. J. W. Your statement that God's foreknowledge did not necessitate Adam's sin is strictly logical. Obviously it can be contended that it is equally logical to hold that Adam's sin was passively agreeable to God, and that with complete freedom of choice God decided upon a creation which involved the phenomenon of evil; and, if the hypothesis of most theologians be correct, the condemnation of the majority of mankind to unimaginable and eternal torment. Is this correct?—J. L. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

This question is concerned with the baffling problem of evil. We can never hope to understand it fully, but we can know enough about it to see that both God's foreknowledge and man's free will are reconcilable.

When God determined to create man according to His "own image and likeness" He willed to create a being who, like Himself, would enjoy the faculties of knowledge and free will. The very notion of such a creature connotes the power of doing good and evil.

That God foreknew Adam's abuse of his wonderful faculties, without in any way necessitating it, is, as you say, strictly logical. But your conclusion that Adam's sin, therefore, was *passively agreeable* to God needs clarifying. Every philosopher must be careful to distinguish always. In this instance a distinction must be made between the divine will of *approbation*, and the divine will of *permission*. (Of course, there is no actual division in God, but the human intellect must make such divisions in order to interpret the divine action.) When a man with free will performs a good work God wills that work and rewards the same with the will of approbation. "Well done, good and faithful servant," the Lord said to his servant who had done his duty well.

But when a man commits evil God does not will either the act nor does He passively approve the effect of the act. If, however, the sinner abuses his powers of free determination (which Adam did), God *permits* the sinner so to act,

since He made the sinner with the power of acting in such a manner. But the sin is *reprobated* by God. With this distinction we can judge of Adam's sin. God foreknew that Adam would sin. (Of course, we use the past and future tense in regard to God's omniscience, but there is no time with God. Everything is eternally present to Him.) Instead of passively agreeing to it, He prescribed sorrow and suffering for Adam (and for all his posterity besides), until he returned to the dust from which he had been taken. (GEN. ch. 3.)

Your second statement regarding the hypothesis of most theologians—that the majority of mankind will be condemned to unimaginable and eternal torment—is not correct. The relative number of saved and lost has never been revealed by God, and consequently has never been authoritatively taught by the Church. When Our Lord was asked: "Are there few saved?" (LUKE 13:23), He did not deign to satisfy the curiosity of His questioner. Whoever speaks dogmatically about the relative number of the saved and the lost goes beyond the bounds of Christian Faith and theological science. True, the ancient Fathers were inclined to the gloomy side of this question. But their view was not the Faith, but their conclusion from premises of Faith. They spoke in excess of their knowledge and in excess of their Faith. Still we cannot speak more dogmatically in support of the contrary opinion. But after the condemnation of the heresy of Jansenism the pendulum of opinion began to swing to the milder and more merciful view concerning the salvation of men.

#### ETERNAL DAMNATION NOT UNREASONABLE

*It has been objected that the Christian doctrine of eternal damnation is irrational, and therefore should be rejected. A friend contends that the infinite enormity of a crime depends not simply on the infinite excellence of the person against whom it is committed, but essentially on the capacity of the criminal to comprehend such infinite excellence and to realize the infinity of the offense. Since a finite being has no such faculty he concludes that man cannot logically merit infinite punishment.*—J. L. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is a philosophical axiom that —*honor est in honorante; injuria est in person injuriata*, which is translated—"honor is measured according to the dignity of the person conferring the honor; injury according to the dignity of the person offended." Thus, if, after knocking a home run, Babe Ruth was presented with an autograph photo by Mayor Walker of New York City, he would consider the present quite an honorable one. But if the President of the United States gave him an autograph photo of himself, Ruth, no doubt, would consider the gift as greater than that of the Mayor. Not from its intrinsic merit, but from the dignity of the donor. For everyone will concede, no doubt, that the President occupies a more excellent position than the Mayor of New York.

But suppose that Babe Ruth would spurn, or refuse to receive both presents. To whom would he give the greater insult? To President Coolidge. Since he enjoys the greater dignity, he would suffer the greater injury to his honor.

The question of the gravity and malice of sin is treated in the same way. God is infinite in dignity. When His will is contemned and His just command disobeyed an infinite offense is offered to Him. The quality of the crime is measured according to the dignity of the person offended, not the person offending. The mind of man recognizes, albeit obscurely and confusedly at times, the infinite excellence of God, Whose will is contemned and Whose right to obedience is violated by the deliberate commission of sin.

The assumption that the infinite excellence of God must be comprehended in order to constitute an infinite offense (which the objector rightly says is impossible), is unwarranted and false. The assumption is a contradiction in terms. No finite being can comprehend the infinite Creator. No

more than a gallon of milk can be poured into a quart bottle. If that were the requisite for an infinite offense there would never be a mortal sin. But Revelation, as well as common sense, tells us that there *are* mortal sins. St. Paul enumerates many of them. Read what he says about the sins of drunkenness, fornication, etc., which will exclude from the kingdom of Heaven. (1 COR. 6:9-10.)

All that is necessary to constitute the crime of patricide before the civil law is that a man deliberately murder a man whom he judged, at least confusedly, to be his own father. And all that is necessary to make an infinite offense is to deliberately commit an act which one's conscience tells him is gravely forbidden by God.

Infinity here is used in two senses. In so far as the will of an infinite Creator and Lawgiver is contemned the offense and injury is *objectively* infinite. In so far as the deliberate action is the work of a creature it is finite. But when a sinful action is taken compositely, or morally, embracing the Person offended, the sinful action, and the person offending, it has a quasi-infinity, best expressed, perhaps, by the Latin terms *aliquo modo* and *secundum quid*—that is, "after a fashion," or "according to a certain manner of being."

Since a mortal sin is an infinite offense and injury, justice demands an infinite punishment. Because punishment must repair the crime. Infinite punishment, like infinite offense, is likewise used in a two-fold sense. In so far as a person by committing a mortal sin deliberately turns away from God, the Supreme Good, and turns himself to creatures—finite goods—the punishment will consist of the loss of God (which is an infinite loss), and the condemnation to eternal torments (which is a finite punishment).

This is a "hard saying" no doubt. But He Whose "word is truth" has revealed on more than one occasion that the punishment of unrepented mortal sin is everlasting. To believe in God's word is not unreasonable. The whole question is settled in the description of the General Judgment, which Our Lord Himself has revealed. To the good on His right hand He will say: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And to the wicked on His left hand He will say: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (MATT. 25:41). Here you have the two-fold punishment corresponding to the two-fold element of grievous sin; banishment from the presence of the Lord (an infinite loss) and condemnation to everlasting fire (a finite penalty).

#### THE JESUITS

(1) *How did the Order of Jesuits originate, and when?*  
(2) *Were they even known as an outlaw Order by the Church? Were they banished from any countries? Were they at any time not recognized by the Pope?* (3) *Have the Jesuits been reinstated in the countries from which they were exiled? Are they allowed to say Mass and teach in France?*—A. M. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. MC., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(1) The Society of Jesus, commonly known as the Jesuits, was founded by St. Ignatius Loyola. The Society was first approved by Pope Paul III on 27th of September, 1540. St. Ignatius organized his followers without any definite plan at first, except for the purpose of imitating Christ. He offered his services and those of his companions to the Pope, who accepted their offer, and employed them in such works as were pressing at the moment. Later on the Jesuits became famous as educators and missionaries. St. Francis Xavier was the first one to give lustre to the Jesuits by his stupendous works in the Far East.

(2) The Order was the object of a persecution so long and so fierce that Pope Clement XIV, after trying to avert the stroke for over two years, finally consented to suppress it, in the year 1775. It remained in this state until restored in 1773. At one time or other the Order was banished from

nearly every European and South American country, due to persecution.

(3) We are not prepared to say whether or not the Order as a body has been reinstated in the countries from which they were banished. No doubt there are many in these countries, but it is doubtful if they are allowed to teach as a body in France.

### OATH AND CONVERSION

*If a Protestant fellow takes an oath never to turn Catholic, and in the meantime would meet a Catholic girl whom he wishes to marry and desires to turn Catholic, does the oath which he took bind him not to become a Catholic? Would you advise a girl to marry a fellow who turns?—N. N.*

If he is convinced that the Catholic Church is the True Church, and that he should enter into it for this reason, and not for any human motive, he must not hesitate to do so. The oath does not bind him, because no one can bind himself to do what is forbidden by God, or to refuse to do what is commanded by God. Now God wishes all to enter the Church. "Go, teach all nations," said Christ, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Our advice in regard to marriage is that the law of the Church is the best guide to follow. The Church severely condemns mixed marriages, and only dispenses with this law for grave reasons and under serious conditions. If a Protestant wishes to become a Catholic simply for the sake of marriage he is not to be trusted.

### WHY DID CARDINALS ELECT ALEXANDER VI?

*In your July issue you state that Pope Alexander VII had four children when he was a priest. Why didn't the Church excommunicate him instead of making a Pope of him? This question has puzzled a few of your Catholic readers.—K. M. L., NEWTON CENTER, MASS.*

The reasons which moved the Cardinals of the Sacred College to elect Rodriguez Borgia to the Papacy (who assumed the title of Alexander VI—not VII) is not known to us. History tells us that Cardinal Borgia had many good qualities. He was not the monster which enemies of the Church have tried to make him. The Church does not excommunicate for every crime. Alexander VI had made a name for himself as an efficient administrator. When he became Pontiff the Roman populace received the news of his election with great rejoicing. Evidently they were not as harsh in their judgments as men of a later day. Whatever may be said against the private moral character of Alexander VI, both before and after his election, he has always been regarded as a legitimate successor of St. Peter. Divine Providence, which rules the Church with a peculiar assistance, may have allowed the election of Cardinal Borgia and permitted his private sins in order to manifest to the world that the moral character of the incumbent of the Chair of Peter cannot invalidate the Divine Promises of perpetual protection in favor of the Church.

### FORM OF BAPTISM

*Will you kindly tell me if a child will go to Heaven if it is baptized in the Protestant faith without saying the words: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—P. McD., CHARLESTOWN, MASS.*

The words pronounced by the person baptizing are called the form of baptism. The water poured on the head of the infant is called the matter of baptism. The words must be pronounced during the act of pouring. Since the union of these two constitute the Sacrament of Baptism, it is necessary that all essentials be expressed. Otherwise the act would lose its signification, and signification is of the es-

sence of a Sacrament. Now it has always been believed by the Church that the naming of the Persons of the Holy Trinity is essential for the validity of the Sacrament of Baptism. Consequently their omission would invalidate the Sacrament, and so deprive the infant of eternal blessedness, if it died while still an infant.

### FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

*I have a relative who married a non-Catholic outside the Church. He had his children baptized in the Protestant church, and has been going to the Protestant church. Still, he claims that in his heart he is still a Catholic. If he is not, what must he do to become one?—N. N., PA.*

If the man has been baptized and confirmed in the Catholic Church and left off the practice of his Faith he falls in the class of those whom Our Lord called hypocrites. He is neither a good Catholic, nor a good Protestant. Christ told the Jews that if they gloried in being the children of Abraham they should "do the works of Abraham." No one can be regarded as a good Catholic unless he does the works of a good Catholic.

If he wishes to be saved he must become reconciled to God and the Church, which is His representative in the world. Let him repent in his heart and approach the Tribunal of Penance, and he will be told what he must do.

### PERSONAL REPLY

To G. W.—The story is true. His character remains, but he is no longer in good standing. He must make adequate reparation before he is readmitted.

To N. N.—You should be grateful to God for the light to see the error of your ways, and for the grace to resolve to reform your life according to the Catholic standard. Since you have been legally married, the first thing which you must do (if you would make your devotion to your zealous Catholic friend an honorable thing) is to find out the status of your marriage in the eyes of the Church. Therefore, we advise you to make a clean breast of the whole affair to a sympathetic confessor. Tell him what you have written to us, and he will surely help you.

To J. B. S.—Your case is too delicate and involved for us to handle.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

W. H., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; M. P., NEWTON, MASS.; A. F. A., BROOKLINE, MASS.; M. T. McH., SOPERTON, WIS.; E. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.; G. O., WASHINGTON, D. C.; S. C., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; D. T., CHICAGO, ILL.; X. I., BUECHER, KY.; J. J. McL., GLEN ELLYN, ILL.; A. T. G., YONKERS, N. Y.; A. E. A., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; G. H., SWISSVALE, PA.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. B., BAY SHORE, N. Y.; M. C. Mc., EAST ORANGE, N. J.; J. J. C., WEST ROXBURY, MASS.; T. J. P., DORMONT, PA.; L. K., WHITESTONE, N. Y.; L. P., SEATTLE, WASH.; C. C. D., CHICAGO, ILL.; F. F., BEDFORD, IND.; E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. E. B., SAWKILL, N. Y.; E. S. C., WESTBURY, N. Y.; M. M. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. M., NO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; T. W. E., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. McE., PITTSBURGH, PA.; A. McQ., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; F. S., NEWARK, N. J.; J. B. C., HILLSIDE, N. J.; St. M. C., NEW HAVEN, CONN.; St. A. M., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.; H. L. C., LYNN, MASS.; H. K., NEWARK, N. J.; C. T., BRISTOL, PA.; Mss. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. T. C., DUNMORE, PA.; M. R. S., BARTON, WIS.; P. D. B., PALISADES PK., N. J.; J. K., PITTSBURGH, PA.; J. H., WEST ORANGE, N. J.; M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; M. C., ROSEBANK, N. Y.; V. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; R. E., COVINGTON, KY.; E. M. D., NORWOOD, OHIO.



# James: Son of Thunder

FIFTH OF A SERIES ON CHRIST'S TWELVE

**W**HEN Jesus went to the house of Jairus to cure his daughter, He took with Him Peter and James and John. On the day of the Transfiguration, that wonderful day when Christ for an instant allowed His divinity to shine through and illumine His humanity, it was Peter and James and John who were permitted to witness the wonder. When His hour was at hand and His soul was sorrowful even unto death the night before His Passion as He went into the Garden to pray, in His desire for a touch of human sympathy, He took with Him once more the same trio of friends, Peter and James and John. In short, in the most momentous events of His life, when there was any human companionship whatever, it was always these same three special friends that Christ chose to bear Him company.

That unflinching human quality, curiosity, perforce wonders why it should always have been the same three. For Peter, the reason is not far to seek; he was the destined vessel of election as Christ's Vicar on earth after the Ascension. In the case of John, the traditional position he held as Christ's specially beloved virgin disciple explains his presence at Christ's side when only two others were chosen from amongst the Twelve—occasions, it is worth noticing, when His Mother herself was absent. But why always James?

What sort of man can James the Greater have been that he should be so privileged along with the two others whose personalities are so much more vivid to us through the narratives of the Evangelists? For it is a strange thing that there is so little told in the Gospels about this man who stood so close to the side and heart of his Master. But the little we know positively of him makes him a strikingly appealing personality, a lovable man.

By F. J. MUELLER

He was a native of Bethsaida, the son of Zebedee and Salome. Through his mother, he was rather closely related to the Savior Himself, for Salome was either a niece or the cousin of the Blessed Mother. Of Zebedee we know no more than his

Easter Day. Tradition continues her history and puts her in the rudderless boat which the Jews committed Martha, Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, and several others and which the winds drove to the shores of France.

James was the eldest son of Zebedee and Salome, born about the same year as Christ, two years before his brother John. It is entirely possible that the brothers were acquainted with the Child Christ; perhaps that, along with their relationship, serves to explain their very early adherence to Him and their acceptance of His mission as the Messiah when they first learned of it. Any description of James' physical appearance could be no more than guesswork. But he seems to have been a man of at least ordinary education and cultural training, with plenty of opportunity to come in contact with the Greek life that was in his day rather generously spread along the shores of his native lake.



ST. JAMES THE GREAT

name, unless there be truth in the tradition that says he became one of the disciples of Christ. Of Salome, we have a bit more of information; she was one of the "holy women" who followed after Christ on His preaching tours. She was therefore probably present too on Calvary when He was crucified and was one of the first to see the Risen Lord on

**A**T ANY rate, Galilean as he was, everything about his early life predisposed him to accept the claims of the Messiah when He made them public. True, he did not at once recognize Christ as God; none of the Apostles did that. True likewise is it that he looked forward with the rest of the Twelve to the expulsion of the detested Romans and the reestablishment of the splendid kingdom of David and Solomon. It was not till comparatively late in Christ's life that any of his Apostles rose to the idea of a spiritual kingdom that should be in this world but not of the earth, earthy. Still, James had been one of the most ardent disciples of John the Baptist, and when what hero of God pointed out Christ on the Jordan, saying: "Behold the Lamb of God," James followed his brother John to the Messiah, and began his life of devotion and love. With the other Apostles chosen by them, they accom-

panied Christ to Cana for the wedding feast and returned thereafter temporarily to their nets, to leave them and everything else earthly to follow Christ in His apostolate when He gave them the definitive summons to be fishers of men.

**B**UT little that James said in the course of the years he spent in his novitiate with Christ has come down to us. He was a man of few words, apparently, thinking while the more impulsive Peter broke into speech. He was one of the strong, silent men that do so much of the world's great work and get little credit in the shape of popular acclaim for so doing. He was self-effacing, save on one memorable occasion, and very probably that occasion is in no way to his discredit.

He was constantly at Christ's side to assist when assistance was possible, to save from annoyance when that could be, to console perhaps in hours of stress and anxiety not with words but his silent manly sympathy. Can it be that it was for that wordless sympathy of the man that Christ chose him for one of the three who should watch an hour with Him in the dread night of His humiliation?

There are several occasions, however, when he broke into speech, and on all he was rebuked by his Divine Friend, albeit gently and lovingly. On one instance, the inhabitants of En-Gannim refused a night's hospitality to Christ and His Apostles. Incensed and indignant, James and John cried out: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven and consume them?" And turning, He rebuked them, saying: "You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save." It was a not unnatural outburst of pained indignation towards inhospitable people that called forth this declaration of Christ's essential purpose on earth, and surely He was not hard to move to forgiveness of His beloved Sons of Thunder.

Another occasion suggests itself, the famous incident when James and John, through their mother first and then personally, asked of Christ seats at His right hand and His left when He should come into His kingdom. It was not ambition or vanity that prompted the request, whatever motive Salome, their mother, may have had in making it. It was the purest and noblest friendship for

Christ. His hour, He had said, was approaching; He was going up to Jerusalem to give Himself over to His enemies. The trial was at hand, and what more natural than that the impetuous ardor and love of the Thunderers should dictate that they strive to associate themselves more and more closely with their Master in His day of difficulty? Their request was dictated by tenderness and courage. And as such Christ met it. "You know not what you ask," He said. "Can you drink of the chalice that I drink of, or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?"

**T**HERE is involved here a magnificent testimony to friendship, human friendship for Christ. James knew the meaning of the question, well enough; he realized it meant sacrifice and renunciation, pain and defeat, a share of the world's hatred, for these were the bitter chalice and the freezing baptism that Christ foresaw for Himself and the friends who would choose His fate as their own. With a lovable smile, therefore, can we conceive Him saying to the two heroes: "You shall drink of the chalice that I drink of; and with the baptism wherewith I am baptized, you shall be baptized; but to sit on my right hand or on my left, is not mine to give you, but to them for whom it is prepared."

It was not selfish ambition, then, that prompted that request for the place of honor in Christ's kingdom; James had counted the cost, knew that the place of prominence and honor was likewise inevitably the place of greatest danger, and it was there that his love for Christ and his courage in the face of danger that threatened Christ bade him be. And later, after His Master had left the earth so much poorer by leaving it, the same James did fulfill Christ's prophecy, he did drink of the chalice that Christ had meant, and drained it to its bitterest. For he was the first of the Twelve to shed his blood for Christ.

He was present in Jerusalem during the early persecution at the hands of the Jews. He was a shining light amongst the early Christians in Jerusalem. It is no undue stretch of imagination to see him among the spectators when Stephen was stoned as he prayed for those who stoned him. Can it have failed to enter deep into that thinking soul of James, that spectacle of sacrifice and of love

for Christ? Ten years later, Herod embarked on a career of persecution to consolidate his political position. He and his satellites hated the sect of the Nazarene, and knew James as one of the strong pillars of the Early Church.

With its tragic baldness, the book of the Acts of Apostles tells the story tersely: "Herod the King killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." No more than that; no heroics about it in Luke's account of the martyrdom of James in Jerusalem. How it all accords with the antecedents of the story. "Can you drink of my chalice?" says Christ. "I can," says James. "Herod the King killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." Words can hold no more of pith or meaning than these. His last act of life was of a piece with all the rest, if tradition may be credited. The tale has it that he had been apprehended by the minions of Herod through the betrayal of a certain Josias. But the recreant was so impressed with the quiet courage and steadfastness of James that he himself believed, professed his belief openly, was baptized by James just before his own martyrdom, and the Thunderer appeared before the judgment seat of the Redeemer whose chalice he has just drunk in company with the soul of his erstwhile enemy and accuser.

**I**T WAS a fitting climax to a career of quiet, strong love and service. It required an ardent courage to face the destiny that Christ's words revealed to James; he had it to the full, love-inspired as it was, and the event proved that it was no idle boast that he made, in company with his great brother, when he boldly proclaimed his readiness to drink Christ's chalice with him or after Him. True, like the rest of the Apostles, he failed once. When that chalice was first offered his lips, he revulsed. He fled on the dread night of Judas' treachery, like the rest of them. The remainder of his life redeemed that one blemish. Like all other followers of Christ to the death, he attracted to himself the hatred and enmity of entrenched greed and selfishness, and he must die that Herod's political plans might not miscarry. He died intimately beloved of Christ, inspired with purest manly affection for his Friend, living out a love that won for him through its resistless ardor the title of Thunder.

# The Return of Theo

TO HIS ATTIC HOME AND MOTHER

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

OLD DOMINICA sat motionless in her little attic home. Outside the warm and clear September night was stealing over Petrograd. A bluish-pearly mist crept from the sea. Rare oil-lamps began flickering here and there down the narrow, ill-paved street. But old Dominica forgot about the dusk. Her only son, her darling baby, her Theo, was coming home! How soon?

She searched the vague mis-spelt letter for details, found none and sighed! The letter was not quite in keeping with her own ideas about Theo. Sure—he had made good out there—in that remote mysterious America—where will and effort coined ready money and the latter led to clothes, houses—even automobiles. Theo had one! He had written to say so. And he was coming to Petrograd and bringing it with him. Dominica struggled with the rapidly failing light. "I am asked to come with the American Relief Administration. It means hard work, but is a great honor. I shall let you know as soon as I arrive."

Dominica laid the letter aside and pondered. She did not know what the American Relief Administration was. She had heard rumors about it, but then where lay the sense of listening to idly spun gossip? She vaguely connected it with lard and cocoa and the poverty of famine-stricken people in Russia. Those foreigners would come and would go away. She had no part with them. But there was Theo—Theo—hers so entirely right till some six years back.

Her thoughts strayed towards those poignant memories. That slim, well-built, blue-eyed, brown-faced stripling of sixteen—fiery and buoyant, daring and reckless, expelled from his school for no serious offence, who had bolted "across the ocean" and would not write home, until, to use his own term, "he had struck the oil all right." Dominica's fairly serene middle-agedness succumbed under the weight of that parting. Hence today—at fifty-two—her hair gleamed white and she carried the label of "old woman" round about the neighborhood. And

in her inmost heart she had felt thankful for her early widowhood: Ignatius would have surely broken down, witnessing his only son's recklessness.

Well! Six years were now laid aside! Theo was returning, obviously having struck the oil! He had not sent her any checks all the time, but then she needed no help from her son. Nor was this his last note expressive of any filial gladness. He was taking it for granted that he would be welcome. He put it rather baldly. She winced at the crude words: "Hope you'll kill the fatted calf for me." He had never as much as expressed the slightest hint of regret at what had passed. Well—twenty odd years back he was her darling. Let it rest at that—today.

There were voices heard down below by the main entrance to the house. Dominica's heart gave a funny twinge. She lowered the window and looked out, but the twilight had gathered in the while she had been sitting—lost in her thoughts of Theo. She could see nothing. And the voices were smothered—suddenly—just as though the speakers had got inside the house. The white-haired woman intuitively rushed towards the door, then stopped in the middle of the room. Yes—it was her son's voice on the stairs. The voice still familiar in spite of a certain coarseness acquired and matured through the six years she had not seen him.

"THEO!"—all further words of welcome froze on her lips—as the door opened. She never noticed that he had not knocked.

"Eh—mother,"—awkwardly the burly black silhouette bent over—towards her—groping for her hand more than for her lips—"Now—that is grand! Got my letter? Never knew I would arrive so soon? My—how dark! What about some . . ."

But she was already fussing about with matches, trimming an old oil lamp, shutting the window and keeping a glance at her son.

Her Theo! Her own—back again.

The lamp lit, she was motioning him to a chair, but he had already seated himself, calmly watching her from out the corners of his slightly blurred eyes.

"That's grand," he repeated. "Glad to see me—aren't you?"

But he got no answer at first. Quickly, jerkily, Dominica was taking in this returned son of hers. Grown—wasn't he, not only in height—but in something else. Not grown—altered—remote. She shrank from the word "alien" and yet her heart admitted its aptness.

He never noticed her silence. It was he who did the talking—breathlessly—importantly. Dominica listened, her quiet gray eyes reflecting nothing. It was natural he should talk. Let him go on. She glossed over the details. One such hurt! Fancy—he'd been in the room for twenty minutes and never asked her a single question about her own life!

Oh yes! Sure—he was all right! First job—a cattle driver! Then got on to a railway company and learned all the engine ropes. Grand business—that! Then—a guy from California put him wise about the automobile job. That was how he came over with the American bosses! Had a camion to drive. They valued him for his knowledge of Russian. He put it over them every time. And when this job was over, he'd quit looking for another. Back to the States and, of course, there was a sweet girl, "sheer honey, mother," waiting for him at 'Frisco. They'd pool their savings and start swimmingly together. He thought he fancied ranching—or p'haps something different would happen along! You never knew your born luck over in the States. You pushed on—a deal of elbow work—he admitted—and you sure did get somewhere. "Keep clear of the wall—that's my slogan," he finished triumphantly.

DOMINICA was a patient woman. And patiently she listened to that thirty-minutes' swank-and-gush delivery! She tried just as patiently to swallow her near-disgusted astonishment at his speech—his man-



ners—his voice—his hitherto unknown to her fatuous smile of an indifferent plodder who fancied himself a world-success. She made no comment or interruption. She strove to switch back to the cardinal fact that—in spite of this new alien ill-fitting veneer—he was still flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone. Tried to lift her old Theo-picture out of the limbo of the vanished years and to reconstrue it all over again. The rebellious brown hair was there. The bold blue eyes—she forced herself not to see their tell-tale blurredness—were there. The well-shaped hands—Ignatius' hands—were there. And—perhaps—deep down—as yet hidden from her—the soul was there, too. So—immersed in these things—she sat silent.

He rose.

"W—ell," he yawned—"Guess must be pushing along. See you some time again—eh? Not often, though! Sorry,"—he grinned—"See—we're going to be regular busy here! What a rotten hole of a place!"

HE was not sure whether he referred to the attic or to Petrograd and she knew she preferred not to be sure.

"S'long, mother,"—he moved to the door and then came back. With an awkwardly studied gesture he held out his hand. "Glad to see me again—aren't you?"

Dominica did not answer. Instead she raised her eyes to his changed, matured, coarsened face, trying to find some key to this nightmare of a riddle. And when she spoke, it was but to ask a question.

"Theo—aren't you glad to see me?"—she hurried—"You have not said you were."

He shuffled uncomfortably.

"Have quit the sloppy habit," he drawled, "well—you are my mother—aren't you? But a fellow gets out of touch—you know—six years. I reckon you did not care over much."

"Theo,"—but the wound of the reproach carried too much subtlety for him.

"Well—did you?" he insisted. "I reckon it's me done the whole thing. I mean—that old school was no dashed use. What's the blinking good in being a gentleman's son when your pockets are empty? 'Sides, I'm an American now,"—he drew himself up proudly—"You're not. Makes sort of a difference."

The widow of a Polish gentleman

considered her son for a moment. It was as though his last words had brought about a lightning effect. And she drew back.

"I am glad to see you—very glad," she said quietly. "And sorry, too. Theo—my son, what about other things?"

He stared at her speechlessly.

"You've come here after six years—and you've not asked me a single question about myself."—Dominica wished her voice would not tremble so—"When you left I was a fairly rich woman! You had a home any boy might be proud of . . ."

"Guess I want none of it," he grumbled.

"I have none to give. I am a ruined woman. This attic"—her lips twitched—"is poor enough—I don't know that I'll be able to keep it much longer. And you—you don't seem to care . . ."

"I'm a working man,"—he interposed gruffly—"Guess could do a bit for you—but . . ."

"I don't want you to. You are getting on with that job of yours and I wish you would get on. But—but—Theo—you are not the son who left me six years ago. Theo—where are you?"

He frowned.

"Look here, Mater, no use trying this stuff on me. Sure—I know what you after: a son's duty and all the rest of it! Well—I guess I owe precious little to you!"

Then Dominica faced him with the pointblank question.

"That's it—Theo—that's what I am after. Would you talk like that—would you come back like that—if—if—if . . ."

She stopped for lack of sheer strength to go on. His sullen eyes roamed about the poor room.

"If—I'd stuck to that beastly religion of yours—you mean?" he flashed out brutally. "Well—you may as well have it! I haven't! It did not help me any. So I quit it. Guess Heaven's all right for guys too weak-kneed to help themselves along. I can. Mind—I didn't want to tell you. Thought it'd lead to a nasty taste in my mouth. Then why do you drag it out? You're to blame—sure. Well—I am late—s'long,"—and he swung on his heel and left the attic.

And Dominica stood—looking at the shut unpainted door and knew that her neighbors were right—in labelling her "an old woman."

So fell the curtain on the first act of Theo's return.

## II

AFTER that her son made no appearance for a week. Dominica did not quite know if she actually wanted to see him again. He had told her all there was to be told. She did not see what good further arguing would do. The Theo she had borne in pain so many years ago seemed more than just alienated! That Theo was dead. And Dominica sensed that she could not share his very language—much less enter that newly erected, cheaply veneered mind—building in him. Forces she could not hope to gauge had raised that alien structure, marring and bespoiling utterly the early grace she remembered her "real" Theo had carried.

To her neighbors she would not talk about him. They knew, of course, that her son had returned and were vulgarly hungry for details, but Dominica had enough strength and tact to deny these to them. So all avid questionings died a natural death.

One foggy September afternoon—Dominica reached her attic after a wearying couple of hours spent on the market. She had sold none of her surreptitiously displayed wares and her tired arms ached from their heavy burden and she felt a real pang of hunger. Somewhere—in the big desolate city her son was driving his precious camion, laden with American foodstuffs for the famished folks of Petrograd. The thought of it tightened Dominica's lips. Not to him would she go and beg for even necessary food.

Stumbling across the ill-lit, badly aired hall and groping her way to the dilapidated bannisters, she heard a lodger's voice hailing her from down the dim landing.

"Eh—Lady Dominica (this was the name they commonly called her by)—you son has been and gone and left a message for you upstairs. Got any matches on you? I might lend you some."

"Thanks—I have,"—Dominica's cold, tired hand clutched the slippery railing—"When—er—when did he come?"

"About an hour ago! I say—Lady Dominica—what a grand car he is driving. You must be proud of him. He gave the children a joy-ride down to the square. An ex-

tremely nice man he is indeed."

Dominica sent a bitter smile into the darkness. She wanted to rush upstairs, but the woman was on the point of bursting with still further news.

"And there's a new decree—too. Sure thing—it'll concern you, Lady Dominica. They have been and put the seals on St. Kazimir Church down the corner. They say no one will be allowed to go there any more. So don't you try to get inside on Sunday—Lady—please. I hear they have guards posted everywhere."

"Thanks so much for telling me,"—Dominica lowered her voice—"Things are getting hard—for everybody."

"Sure they are,"—agreed the woman—"They are real keen on hunting you Catholics. That's what I say to my old man."

But Dominica slipped upstairs.

There was no message from Theo. There bulked a heavy parcel on the table. Dominica fingered it reflectively. On second thoughts she decided to untie the string. Package after package fell out. She set her mouth grimly. So Theo was trying to make it up—in terms of sugar, cocoa, lard and flour. Her hunger leapt in her wildly. But the iron will had the last say. She would not be fed by her apostate son—nor would she quarrel with him. She scribbled a brief note of thanks, explaining she had quite enough for herself. "And may I be forgiven for this lie"—she thought, folding the note tidily. She rewrapped the packages, tied the string round them again and went to bed after a supper of cold water and dried salt fish.

"Tomorrow," she thought, "I'll leave the parcel at their place."

But she forgot that the next day was Sunday.

### III

THE rumor, repeated to her by the lodger, proved to be true. Dominica knew it the moment she approached that little whitewashed church where she had worshipped long before Theo was born. The badly painted doors were shut! Sealed, too. Her heart ached at the sight of those huge ominous dark red seals. They suggested two enormous splashes of newly-spilt blood. She shuddered and took her eyes away. But she would not be cheated of her Sunday Mass. Earlier experiences had taught her

the use of a back door. So she made for it as quickly as she could. Once it shut behind her, she found herself face to face with a handful of quietly undaunted parishioners. The priest came forward and explained that a portable altar had been carried down into the basement. They all followed him.

WHEN Mass was over, Dominica—with the others—came up. Luckily there had been no interruption. She heard a man say that they hoped to have the seals removed by the end of the week and she prayed it might be true. She stood and waited for her turn to be let out. People used caution in leaving the prohibited building. A stream of folks emerging from the back door might have aroused suspicion.

The tiny gathering in the hushed vestry got thinner and thinner, when suddenly, the man, who kept a sort of a watch by the door, motioned to everybody to keep perfectly still. Well they knew the signal. It meant that trouble was beginning outside. A Red guard must have caught someone going out. Again—one never knew—there might have been spies in their very midst. One had heard of such things happening before.

Dominica kept quiet, her steady fingers busy with her worn beads. She read fear on the face of an old woman in a far corner and crossed the room on tiptoe to whisper some words of encouragement. But just as she was bending her head over the other's shoulder, a heavy bang on the door startled everybody in the room.

"Open in the name of the Soviet."

The rest followed quickly. There was no need for anyone to obey the summons: the rusty hinges gave way after a few repeated bangs with the gun barrels. The room was crowded with scowling, helmeted men. Dominica, all along with the rest, knew herself to be under arrest, for having dared to worship on prohibited premises. She made no protest and calmly went out, flanked by a Red guard on either side of her.

Then her face lit up. She heard the heavy clatter of wheels on the cobbled pavement. Looked up to see a lorry of foreign make pull up because of the crowd in front of the church.

"Let him but see me,"—she prayed in her heart. "Let him but see me. He can't do a thing—but it might con-

vince him. Let him but see me."

And all within her welcomed the anything but gentle grip of the guards' hands on her arms.

"Let him but see me,"—she prayed. "Dear God—you have begun a miracle! Why should he have come here so early on a Sunday morning if you had not willed it. So please finish what you have begun. Let him see me!"

And, sure enough, Theo did see her. Down he jumped from his driver's seat and elbowed his way through the rapidly thickening crowd.

"Eh—what's all this about?" he shouted.

The guards gave him an angry scowl and went on with their business. An onlooker hurriedly and furtively supplied the details.

"You dogs!"—Theo's hand clasped something metallic—"Now—none of that—do you hear . . ." he breasted the guards—"Do you hear? I'm an American citizen—and she's my mother. Leave go—I tell you—or there'll be trouble. Leave go . . ."

"Theo,"—Dominica's lips opened and then shut again.

"Come along, mother,"—with an iron hand he shook off the guards' grip. "You just dare and touch her again. I'm an American citizen and she's my mother. See that—you dogs!"

One of the guards shouted something about a warrant, but Theo, infuriated, shrieked him down.

"Your warrant! Precious duds—that's what they all are! Step along to the nearest commissariat and we'll have a mighty laugh over your warrant. And what's that to do with me? I'm an American citizen and she's my mother—that's all I care about."

"And she is one of those Catholic folks—too," growled a guard.

Theo flung back his head.

"So she is—and so am I—if you like to know! Not good enough to go about the churches—if you like, but I am one of them. See that? And if you dare lay your hands on an American citizen's mother—we'll make it hot for the rest of your dirty crowd. Come on, mother—there's plenty of room in the driver's seat."

HE was sitting side by side with this mysterious son of hers in the oil-reeking, noisy camion which clattered on along the rough cobbled pavement. Her eyes were misty and her heart was pounding.

"Theo," — with the greatest of efforts she brought out his name.

His work-roughened hands on the wheel, his shame-veiled eyes on the road, he blurted out:

"I guess I came to you as the cheapest of all cheap rotters, mother! And so I was! No room for anything but work and swank and work and swank again. I reckon this was more than enough to push God out!

But somehow — there — mother — am no good at grand talking — you standing there — those dogs laying their dirty hands on you and you so quiet — like — like Our Lady" — he stumbled over the near-forgotten words — "It bowled me over — clean. Why — those hounds might have dragged you off and," — he dropped his voice — "I guess it'll be all right. Back you go to 'Frisco with me, mother,

and I guess I'll take precious good care to have my ranch — well," — he shifted in his seat awkwardly — "not too far from some old mission or other. Game — aren't you?"

DOMINICA's misty eyes smiled on him.

"You never came back a week ago, Theo," — she murmured — "You returned just this morning."



## Catholic Literature or catholic Literature

A DIFFERENCE THAT DISTINGUISHES

By S. A. BALDUS

**T**HUS far I have used the word literature in a rather loose sense as covering many excellent virtues, as well as a multitude of literary sins, both of omission and commission — and I shall continue so to use it. Nevertheless there are those to whom the word literature signifies something that concerns itself with *belle lettres*, with literary masterpieces created by authors destined to wear the laurel crown of immortality. That is not the kind of literature I have in mind. I am pleading for a literature that will be read rather than talked about; in brief, a popular literature rather than a great literature.

It would be a sheer waste of time to speak of literary masterpieces, or books that are a permanent contribution to the literature of the world, or of a nation. Masterpieces are not machine made; nor can anyone lay down formulas for their production. No author knows, or can know, whether the book he has written contains those qualities which will endure those mutations of time. Posterity alone can give the answer. To adapt the homely philosophy of Tammias Haggert, an author "is like a man firin' at a target. He does na ken whether he hits or no till them at the target tells him." Posterity is at the target, and notoriously slow of speech.

The gift of a half dozen literary geniuses to any one generation is rarely within the prodigality of Heaven. But every generation is blessed with a formidable army of gifted and capable men and women

who are skilled writers and clever craftsmen, and often consummate artists. If they would but turn their talents in the right direction, all would be well with the world.

But among the modern authors there are a number of men (and some women, too) writing a kind of literature that is both noisy and nasty, vulgar and vicious. After all, they are few in number. For every one who writes books of a character meriting condemnation, there are nine writing books of one kind or another that are unobjectionable, and many of them, worthy of commendation. Not all these books are great, and few will be remembered ten years from now. But what of that! They are being read, which after all, is the important thing about books.

**N**EEDLESS to say, I do not claim familiarity with all of our English literature, and so in compiling a partial list of popular authors, I am merely jotting down a few names that easily come to mind as of living men and women who have done notable work, of one kind or another, during the past ten years.

Among the popular authors I mention: Bruce Barton, Will Durant, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hendrick W. Van Loon, H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, Lewis Browne, Shane Leslie, Lytton Strachey, Agnes Repplier, Carl Sandburg, Frederick O'Brien, H. L. Mencken, Rupert Hughes, Philip Gibbs.

Among the popular novelists I

mention: Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Cosmo Hamilton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Fannie Hurst, Elizabeth Jordan, Edna Ferber, Kathleen Norris, Ford Madox Ford, Sinclair Lewis, Compton MacKenzie, George Moore, Michael Arlen, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Harold Bell Wright, Peter B. Kyne.

The lists could be lengthened considerably and other classifications, covering the drama, poetry, and the short story could be added. But that would serve no particular purpose at this time.

Those who specialize in stressing the religious affiliations of men and women of achievement will observe that there is a fair representation of Catholics in these lists (and also some ex-Catholics and "ought-to-be's" — which is another story). Their books are published by secular firms, nor are they classified as Catholic books by Catholic authors. If they were, that would immediately alter their status as far as the reading world is concerned. Booksellers would fight shy of them; and so would the public.

**I**T is well known that public libraries, as a rule, do not put the books by distinctly Catholic authors, or books published by Catholic firms, on their shelves. But the same rule applies to all books of a strictly denominational character or published under sectarian auspices. Libraries do not install books merely to fill shelf space. Experience has shown that there is little or no call for books written or published under religious or sectarian auspices.



And yet there is a great interest in religion, and in religious subjects—an interest that is deeper than is generally realized. Secular booksellers have told me that the demand for works dealing with religion and religious themes is second only to fiction; and interest seems to be steadily increasing. In 1925 the statistics show that 30,000,000 copies of works of fiction (which includes all kinds and every variety of fiction—good, bad and indifferent, fiction that is excellent and fiction that is merely trash) were printed and sold in the United States. Next in point of quantity came "Religion and Philosophy," of which 12,245,000 copies were printed. (This figure includes many reprints of old works, and, of course, the Bible.)

IT is easy to imagine that under the head "Religion and Philosophy" there are numerous works that could more properly be classified as *unreligious* or *irreligious* and even *anti-religious*. But they are published as literature for the reading public, and are so accepted by the world. The remarkable success of "This Believing World" and "The Story of Philosophy" offer food for thought.

Why is not a religious work by a Catholic author to be found among the "best sellers"? The answer lies at hand. Because instead of making our literature a part of the world literature we have deliberately chosen to make of it a thing apart from the world. What are we doing to offset the flood of unreligious, irreligious and anti-religious literature that is now pouring from the presses of the world? *Absolutely nothing!*

Who will write the *Life of Christ* that the whole world will read? Certainly none better suited to such a task than a Catholic, and preferably a layman. Père Didon's "Jesus Christ" is a masterpiece, but it is read, I think, chiefly by priests. At least none of the Catholic laity I have talked to has ever read it; few had ever heard of it. Papini's "Life of Christ" had a vogue for a season or two. It was well advertised—and all sorts and classes of people read it, or pretended that they read it. Yet, strange to say, it is rarely spoken of today. In spite of the brilliancy of its author it seemed to lack something; it didn't grip; it didn't take hold of the popular imagination. Perhaps readers shared my own reaction. Throughout the reading of

it I could not shake off the feeling that the man who wrote it, not so long ago, was a scoffer—and his sudden conversion might not endure. Somehow I could visualize him writing it with his tongue in his cheek. This may be unjust to Papini; if so, I apologize. What I am saying is not a criticism of his book; merely an attempt to explain why, perhaps, the public did not accept his "Life of Christ" as the book it has been looking for.

Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows" was for a time listed among the "best sellers," which means that it enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity. However we may criticize his book from sundry standpoints, the important thing to remember is that it was read, and that it may be classified as a religious work, which proves that the reading public is interested in works of a religious character.

The question then arises: "Why haven't we a Bruce Barton?" We have the men who can tie Barton into a knot. Bruce Barton is not a profound scholar, nor even brilliant, but he has the knack of popularizing any subject he touches. In other words, he has taken a fairly accurate measure of the public mentality, its tastes and its capacities; but above all he has mastered the trick of salesmanship—he knows how to sell himself and his wares.

Compare his style of writing with our own. Here, for example, is a bit of Catholic writing which I am quite sure the world is not willing to accept, nor is it the kind of writing that sits well even with the average intelligent Catholic. I give it here not because I want to criticize it, but as a sample of how not to write—either for Catholics or those not of our Faith. Someone, it seems, asked the question: "*Was St. Augustine coerced to become a priest as the Harvard classics state? What are the real facts?*"

And here's the answer:

"St. Augustine entered the Church of his own free will. Shortly afterwards he retired from the world to spend his life in poverty, prayer and study. *God had other work for him to do.* By the voice of the fervent Christians of Hippo, *God called Augustine to the priesthood.* The faithful of this city besought Bishop Valerius to ordain him a priest. Augustine pleaded to be allowed to live in retirement, but the people

would not give up petitioning the Bishop of Hippo. *There is an old saying that 'the voice of the people is the voice of God.'* Though he trembled at the thought of assuming priestly dignity, St. Augustine heeded the voice of the people and was ordained a priest in 391. Later he became Bishop of Hippo. *History clearly testifies to the workings of Divine Providence in the case of this great 'Doctor of Divine Grace.'*"

The sentences I have italicized are to me superfluous. As a Catholic, and one willing to make all kinds of allowances, I prefer to be allowed to see the finger of God and the operation of God's Grace, without being told about it four times in a single paragraph. Imagine—if you can—a whole book of several hundred pages written in this style! I can't!

The fact that such works as Papini's and Bruce Barton's are read by the public at large, compels the conclusion that a genuine interest in religion exists. Sometimes we are lead to believe by pessimistic critics and lugubrious moralists that the world is in a bad way, that we are living in an irreligious age, and that the world is fast going to the "demnition bow-wows." Critics and moralists are led astray in their judgments by the tremendous noise made by a persistent few raucous racketeers.

Not long ago I happened to be in a suburban drug store. There was much loud barking of dogs in the street. The druggist rushed to see what the noise was all about. "There are a million dogs out here," he called back into the store. I hurried to the door, for I had never seen a million dogs all gathered together in one place. Well, there were exactly nine dogs—eight of them barking lustily at a big mastiff, evidently a stranger in the neighborhood.

I AM convinced that the world generally, is hungry for religion and grasping at every straw for some kind of spiritual ballast. I'll go a step farther and say that there are today in the United States, thousands upon thousands of men and women who, if they were not too timid, would knock at the door of the Catholic Church; and many would enter in if we but gave them half a chance. And the miracle can be performed through the medium of books.

I do not mean books like the

Question Box, The Faith of Our Fathers, Roads to Rome, The Catholic Church Explained, Testimony to the Truth, Credentials of Christianity, and a hundred others along similar lines—books that while they have done and are doing much good, nevertheless are not the type of books that appeal to the general public. I mean the story of the Catholic Church, told in a manner so charming and intriguing that it will simply carry the world off its feet—the human story of the Church divinely told, or the divine story humanly told—as you choose. But it must be written by a competent layman, one who is at the same time a literary craftsman and a great artist. Francis Thompson, had he lived, might have written such a story.

The title would count for much. Who can think of a good title? Who can think of a better one than the one that just flashed into my mind?

Scores of other books, sanely religious in character or tendency, or with a sanely religious flavor, could be written so as to appeal to the general public. But I do not for a moment propose that our lay authors shall specialize in or confine themselves to the writing of books chiefly religious. I see no reason why they should not become eminent, or at least popular, in every department of letters, poetry, drama, history, biography, literature, the fine arts, fiction, etc.

For down the titles of fifty of the most popular books published during the last ten years, and there will be few that might not just as well have been written by one of our laity—the Life of Lincoln, for example, or of Washington, or of Napoleon, or Queen Victoria, or the Story of Mankind. Surely it would be altogether better to write, say an Outline of History than to be compelled to write an Answer or Criticism of an Outline of History, written by someone else.

But if our talented, capable men and women are to become numerous and prominent among writers—among the producers of the world's popular literature—we must consider them primarily in the light of authors. Their religion should be our private pride, not our public boast.

When we unnecessarily stress the *Catholicity* of an author, or insist on putting our label on his works, we are doing him a great injustice.

Books there are that deserve and need the Catholic appellation; authors there are who want it. Well and good! I haven't a word of criticism to offer. But speaking of literature generally—of works that are not exclusively for Catholics, and of authors whose appeal is to the world at large—are we pursuing the course of wisdom when we put our label on them and their writings?

It means, in effect, serving notice on critics, book reviewers and the general reading public: "Here is a book by so-and-so. We would have you know that it was written by a

### *The First Consecration*

By DOROTHY E. VAN VLECK

**F**AINLY to Mary over the snow  
The sound of the shepherd bells,  
As Christ is laid in a cradle low,  
The glorious hour tells.  
As God descends to his earthly throne  
The Mother adoring hears  
The shepherd bells at an altar stone  
Reechoing down the years.

\* \* \* \* \*

**V**OICES of Heaven's angelic choir  
Sing of the wondrous story—  
Higher their praises mount and higher  
To "Glory, Glory, Glory!"  
As Mary, in joy, gives Jesus birth  
She hears the refrain that still,  
Sung by the choirs of all the earth,  
Brings Peace and right Good Will.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**HELTER for Jesus, the Lamb of God,  
Is a manger, bleak and bare—  
The lowliest creatures of the sod  
With their kind breath warm Him there,  
While Mary dreams of a place for Him  
In the hearts of all mankind,  
Through all the centuries far and dim,  
A crib for the King designed.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HROUGH all the centuries dim and far  
The message of Christ the King,  
Borne by the light of the Christmas star,  
Has prompted our offering.  
Not ours the treasures of spice and gem  
At the feet of Christ to lay—  
But the shepherds' prayer of Bethlehem  
On another Christmas Day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Catholic and deals with a Catholic theme (or is treated strictly from the Catholic standpoint)—and therefore he and it belong to us. You cannot possibly be interested in it. Therefore you are not expected to notice it or read it."

As an illustrious example I point to Francis Thompson (whose prose, by the way, I admire even more than his poetry). We seized upon him; we selfishly claimed him as our own; and as a result, the rest of the world ignored him. Were it not for the fact that his works are published by a secular firm he would hardly be known outside of our fold. I have heard, and I hope the report is true, that there is a growing interest in the writings of Francis Thompson; for which *Deo gratias!*

The life of Francis Thompson is in itself a romance, somewhat of a tragedy, perhaps, but who that has ever read his wonderful Essay on Shelley, or his magnificent "Hound of Heaven" can fail to take him to his heart? The pity is that we seem disposed to be more lenient with the dead than with the living. I have read essays trying to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic. I hope he was; but if not it detracts nor jot nor tittle from anything he wrote. Recently a story was published showing how Chopin, the great composer, died a Christian death. But if his death had been less edifying, it still would not mar the beauty of his music.

**T**HIS same tolerance and leniency; this same beautiful charity that we are so fond of extending to those who have departed, let us try to accord to the living. Let us not hound those among us who have the ability to write for the world at large, with petty fault-findings and carping criticisms.

I am of the opinion that the writers the world is willing to accept must be laymen. In course of time, the priest-author might prove acceptable, but only after the lay author has cleared the way. In the estimation of worldly minded man and woman, a priest is necessarily a professional propagandist—and they are not interested in his propaganda. Even though the priest-author is an artist of great skill, like Cardinal Newman, like Canon Sheehan, like Monsignor Benson—still the wall is there and the world will not trouble itself to scale it.

# Botticelli's "Thorn-Crowned Christ"

ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF SAVONAROLA

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

**I** HESITATED for long before I finally came to the conclusion that the picture of the Savior with the Crown of Thorns, reproduced on the following page, is a work by Botticelli himself. It is rather a delicate matter to include a new work among the productions of a painter of such fame and one so often imitated as Botticelli. The reader, however, should keep in mind that this is not supposed to be one of the master's great and imposing productions but a modest work the like of which Botticelli seems to have created only on very rare occasions.

This little picture on linen (57 cms. x 35 cms.) is the third of its type which has been attributed to Botticelli; the two others are a panel in the Morelli collection in the gallery of Bergamo and a painting in the Detroit Institute of Arts which was published recently by Mr. Yukio Yashiro (*A New Botticelli in Detroit, Art in America*, August, 1927), whose monumental book on Botticelli has given him a prominent place in this field of study. The picture in Bergamo has long since been excluded from the list of Botticelli's genuine works. Mr. Berenson refrains from mentioning it as do most of the master's modern monographers—with the exception of A. Venturi (*Botticelli*, Rome, 1925).

Mr. Yukio Yashiro qualifies the picture in Bergamo as "a weak school work following with exaggeration the late manner of the master, when he became too spiritualistic in his view of life and art and was losing the plastic soundness of his earlier years."

Certainly if we compare the figure in the Detroit Institute of Arts with the one reproduced here, belonging to Goudstikker of Amsterdam, we discover just that difference to which the Japanese critic refers. The painting at Detroit shows us Botticelli at the moment when his capacities for

construction and plasticity were at the height of their development and I quite agree with him regarding his comparison of this panel with the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, his dating of it from the "early part of the fourteen-eighties," and his lack of appreciation of this work of art. I must confess that I have never

seen the Detroit picture, but judging from the reproduction I should say that it lacks that charm of line, that sentiment and mystical lyricism which enchant us, even although we realize that in Botticelli's late works these features are not without a certain conventionality and neurotic quality. The figure of Christ which I publish here certainly does not lack these features which are found wanting in the Detroit picture; in this case

Botticelli has reached to the utmost an expression of the depth of tragic feeling.



In the Uffizi, Florence, Alinari photograph

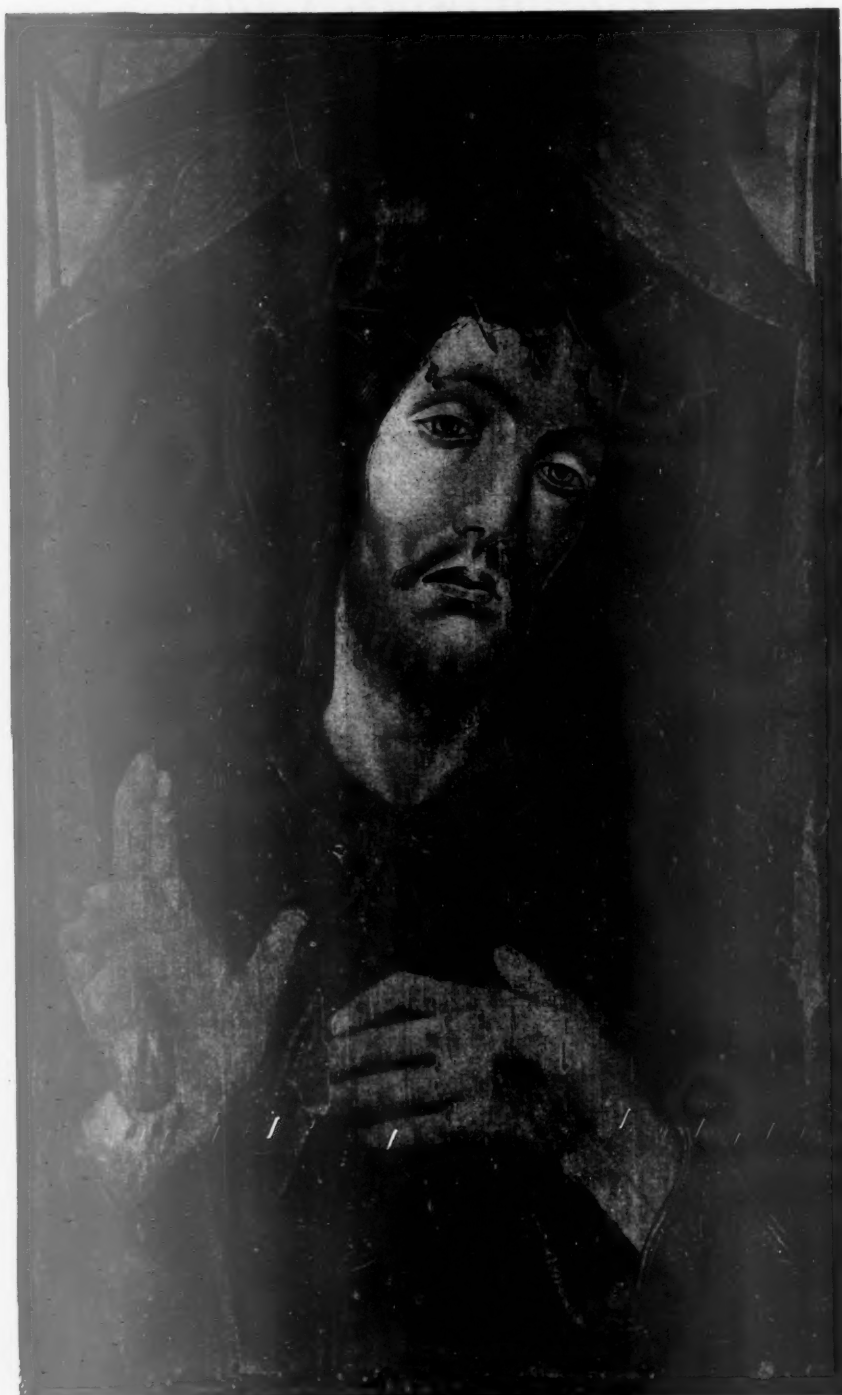
DETAIL OF THE SOCALLED ALTARPIECE OF SAN BARNABA

**W**E ARE indebted to the courtesy of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO for permission, so generously given, to reproduce this interesting and instructive article. The painting here identified as the work of Botticelli comes from the period when Savonarola dominated the City of Florence, even in matters of Art.—EDITOR.

**T**HE position of Our Lord is similar to that in the picture in the American collection, only the head is inclined to the other side. The figure is somewhat less outspoken, the gesture more an indication than an attitude. It seems as though the sentiment of the painting in Detroit is here spiritualized. So, too, is the human form, which is more emaciated and also more graceful. Again if we compare this picture with the panel at Bergamo we can not fail to notice that the copyist just missed everything which makes the original so admirable. There is an obvious exaggeration with lack of refinement and inspiration; the forms are hard, too much outlined and too pronounced. At Bergamo the Christ is portrayed with abundant locks and beard, a thick-set mouth, a beautifully decorated cloak and robe. He points to a neatly-cut wound with long tapering fingers.

In the little canvas under consideration we observe none of these intentional refinements; it is direct, simple and spontaneous, full of real feeling, direct inspiration and a mastery of execution which seeks no effects. Everything is lightly indicated. The figure of Christ seems dematerialized; in this instance the artist indulges in too spiritual a conception to produce plastically sound forms. On the Savior's forehead there are some





Courtesy of Goudstikker, Amsterdam

A HEAD OF THE RISEN CHRIST WHICH IS HERE ATTRIBUTED TO BOTTICELLI

heavy drops of blood which do not appear in the Detroit panel or in that at Bergamo, which is certainly a school copy of the painting I publish

here for the first time. The master of the Bergamo picture reveals a particular lack of comprehension of Botticelli's aspirations in this case. A more

complete knowledge of the great artist's works might have helped him to a better interpretation, because the same type of face appears in at least one of Sandro's other works—the Madonna between angels and saints now in the Uffizi but formerly in the Accademia, and the so-called altarpiece of San Barnaba in which St. John the Baptist resembles in features, expression and even in the shape of the head, this representation of the Redeemer of mankind.

CONSIDERING the scanty number of dated works of Botticelli's later years, it is difficult to come to an exact idea as to when the altarpiece of San Barnaba was executed. It seems to belong to the group of works which is characterized by the accentuation of that touch of mystical melancholy which we notice in the paintings executed after 1487, such for example, as the *Madonna of the Pomegranate* and the *Coronation of the Virgin*, which might be due to the influence of Savonarola who preached openly in Florence in 1489 and dominated the city until 1497.

Perhaps the effect of Savonarola's preaching does not entirely explain the new element in Botticelli's art, and it would probably be more correct to admit that it was the artist's inherent spirituality which decided his adherence to the group of Savonarola's followers, even though the atmosphere of religious fanaticism and the well known campaign of the friar against worldly art which resulted in the disastrous "burning of vanities" certainly had a profound influence on Botticelli. The result may be seen in the works which he created at the end of his life, to which the figure of Christ in the Goudstikker collection belongs.

That Botticelli was one of the "Piagnoni," who, listening to the terrible sermons of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, were converted to his stern and puritanic mysticism, is well known. The Apocalyptic spirit of the friar's doctrines is manifest in the inscription on the *Nativity* of 1500 in the National Gallery where there is

prediction only of woe and terror. It was about this time that Botticelli painted the *Calumnia*, the *Crucifixion* in the Fogg Art Museum, and this figure of Christ, all related in their deep pathos. In my opinion, he painted at this stage or perhaps even a little later the somewhat hard Depositions in the Poldi-Pezzoli collection in Milan and in the Gallery of Munich which some critics have erased from the list of Botticelli's works with, I think, too great ease and at the same time too little consideration of the possibilities which the development of Botticelli's art offers in its last phase.

THE influence of Savonarola on Florentine figurative art might have been fairly great although it could certainly never have been lasting. His preaching against the worldly representation of the Virgin and other religious subjects, however, must have influenced many a painter at least in his choice of a subject. An art superficially handsome like that of Lorenzo di Credi, for instance, would no doubt have been better devoted to profane painting than to the monotonous repetition of religious representations. Furthermore, Savonarola did not only say what appearance saintly figures should be given, but he even suggested, one might almost say ordered, subjects for pictures, such as those he considered suitable to be hung over beds. We know this

from the sermon which he delivered on November 2, 1496, on *The Art of Dying a Good Death*, included among his preachings on Ruth,

representations according to his verbal description. An argument in favor of this affirmation might be found in the five wood cuts which illustrate one of the oldest editions, that of 1496, of this particular sermon by Savonarola, which has been published several times. The wood cuts obviously betray an influence of Botticelli's art and I see no difficulty in admitting that they were made after drawings by Botticelli or even paintings which he might have executed on Savonarola's advice. Indeed, the power which the Prior of San Marco exercised in Florence gave him control not only of religious and political affairs but of the minutest details of daily life.

These complicated religious allegories, however, have nothing in common with the simple figure of the crowned Redeemer, but it can very well be imagined that not all who followed Savonarola's request of hanging a picture above their beds as a sort of "*momento mori*" ordered complicated visionary images such as those which illustrated the edition of his sermons, and I can perfectly imagine that this profoundly sad and noble head of the Savior was painted by Botticelli, when a follower of Savonarola, to adorn the bedhead of another adherent of the same doctrines in order to help a penitent towards "the art of dying a good death."



*Courtesy of the Institute of Arts, Detroit*

HEAD OF THE RESURRECTED CHRIST BY BOTTICELLI

Micah and David; it has been said that several of the best Florentine artists, among whom no doubt Botticelli should be included, following the friar's sermon, actually made the

ronarola, to adorn the bedhead of another adherent of the same doctrines in order to help a penitent towards "the art of dying a good death."

## Rendez - vous

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.



WHERE shall I meet You, Lord? I know a hill  
Where naked crosses three are standing still;  
I quail, yet know if I would come to You  
There is no other place of rendezvous.



# The Holy Hour

AS PRACTISED BY GEMMA GALGANI

**I**F ALL those ways of honoring the various mysteries of the Passion of Jesus Christ, begun and promoted by certain saints, are worthy of praise, certainly the most praiseworthy of all is that method which Jesus Himself taught to Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque, when, appearing to her, He charged her "to keep watch for an hour on Thursday evening each week; and while prostrate in prayer to keep Him company in the agonies of Gethsemane, to compensate Him in some manner for the grief suffered through the abandonment of the Apostles; and at the same time to implore mercy for sinners." May this then be to you, O most dear soul, a devotion taught and recommended to you by Jesus Christ Himself.

This pious exercise consists in making a full hour's prayer (either vocal or mental) having for its object the Agony of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Garden of Olives; and is performed on Thursday night from that moment in which it is permitted to recite Matins for the following day, until midnight.

This devotion began at Paray-le-Monial, and there has been built up after the manner of a Confraternity; and to all those who enroll themselves therein, the Supreme Pontiff, Gregory XVI, grants a plenary indulgence for each time they make the Holy Hour in the above mentioned manner, provided they receive the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. As to Confession, for those who have the custom of going to Confession each week, there is no need of repeating it. Also as to Communion, the same Pontiff permits it to be made either on the Thursday or the Friday following. This plenary indulgence is applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

"Every Thursday [night] I continued to make the Holy Hour, but it sometimes happened that it would last even till 2 o'clock [after midnight] because Jesus was with me; and nearly always He would make me share in that sorrow which He felt in the Garden at the sight of so many of my sins and those of the whole world, a sorrow such as can well be compared to the agony of death."  
—Gemma Galgani.

## INTRODUCTION

**P**LACE yourself, O devout soul, in the presence of your most beloved Savior and bring to mind the night in which Jesus, having instituted the Holy Eucharist to be your food, leaves the Cenacle with His Apostles to go to the Garden of Olives, there to begin that

*From the Italian*  
By SILVIO DE LUCA, C.P.

most cruel Passion by which He was to save the world. A deathly sadness shows itself on the brow and reveals itself in the words of the afflicted Jesus. A deathly pallor clouds that Face on which but now had shone a Heavenly beauty. Meanwhile the sorrowful Savior rests His gaze upon you, as though He would say to you: "Dear soul, who art the cause of so much anguish to Me, stay with Me but for

may be sung alternately after each quarter of an hour, and therefore we here give an appropriate example.)

## HYMN

O ye redeemed, pray! come  
All to the garden of Olives  
Where His Blood in streamlets  
The Redeemer, to save us sheds.

And with Him at least for an hour  
Withhold ourselves adoring,  
Supplicating, thanking,  
Compassionating His sufferings.

## FIRST QUARTER OF AN HOUR

### THE SADNESS OF JESUS

**"MY** SOUL is sorrowful even unto death!"

There is truly no greater suffering than that which can be compared to the pains of death. Now our Savior, Who is infallible Truth, to make us understand the excess of suffering which came to oppress Him as He entered Gethsemane, says that His soul is weighed down by a mortal sadness; that the anguish which He endures is such as could cause His death. And having said this He enters further into the Garden, till, reaching the place where He was accustomed to pass the night in prayer, He exhorts His faithful Apostles (whom He had brought with Him even into the Garden that they might be witnesses to His sufferings) to watch and pray with Him. Then, withdrawing from them a stones throw, He knelt down to begin the most painful and at the same time most generous prayer ever made upon earth.

The first motive for the sorrow of Jesus was that horrible accumulation of outrage and opprobrium which in a short time was to rush in upon Him like the furious billows of a tempest-tossed sea. In fact, He had hardly left His beloved Apostles when there appeared before His mind all the frightful scenes of pain and blood of His impending Passion—treachery, dishonor, scorn, calumnies. . . . Moreover a scourging so cruel as to lay bare His very bones. But this is not enough. His Sacred Head must be tormented by a crown of thorns, which are to remain fastened thereon even till death. Furthermore, blows, spittle, mockeries. Still this is not enough. He must bear the infamy of a legal condemnation, and see Himself abhorred by the great ones of His nation and by His own people. Dying then, because of so much suffering, He must drag Himself to the mount of sacrifice, with the cross on His lacer-

*THIS method of making the Holy Hour has been taken from the manual of devotions entitled LET US PRAY by Mother Helen Guerra, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Zita at Lucca. It is the Holy Hour practised by the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani. She had been a pupil in their school; and, having left because of sickness, she was visited by one of the Sisters who, to help the poor girl in her great sufferings, exhorted her to this practice and gave her the prayer book. It was during this exercise of devotion in honor of Our Lord's Agony in Gethsemane that Gemma received the most marvelous and signal favors, as we read in her Life. It is translated and printed here for the readers of THE SIGN as an aid to their personal devotion.*

—EDITOR.

an hour, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow. . . . But know you that on the night of My agony I sought in vain for one to console Me. 'I looked for one who would comfort Me and I found none.'"

O adorable Jesus, can there ever be a creature so ungrateful, and so hard of heart, as to refuse to pass an hour in Thy company, remembering those mysteries of supreme pain and supreme love accomplished in the obscurity of the night of Thy Passion, in the Garden of Gethsemane? O good Jesus, behold me present before Thee. Deign to reveal to me the greatness of Thy pains and the excess of love which caused Thee to become a victim for my sins and for the sins of all men.

(When the Holy Hour is made by several persons together, a pious hymn



ated shoulders, falling several times half-dead beneath its enormous weight. He must drink the bitter gaul. Be stripped in the midst of an insolent multitude. Allow Himself to be nailed hand and foot. Hang for three long hours from those iron nails, and remain there, suspended between Heaven and earth, to expiate by unspeakable pains the iniquities of the human race! Yet this is not enough. To these frightful pangs must be added the most bitter mockery, the most cutting insults and taunts. Then the burning thirst, rendered more tormenting by the vinegar. The abandonment by His Father. The immense grief of His beloved Mother. The terrible and desolate death!

Redeemed soul, purchased by the cruel pains of Jesus, consider your Savior overwhelmed in an abyss of suffering . . . and this for love of thee . . . to save thee . . . to bring thee with Him to paradise!

Oppressed by so much anguish Jesus goes back to the three Apostles whom He had charged to watch and pray; but He finds them sleeping! There is not one word of comfort for Jesus agonizing . . . not one sentiment of compassion! In the bitterness of His abandonment, He turns His sorrowful look upon you, O devout soul, to see if He can find in your heart a feeling of compassion and gratitude. And you? Have you no word for the good Jesus? What would you have said if you had really found yourself near to Him in the night of His agony? Alas! open your heart and do now that which you would have done then, for equally welcome will it be to Him, since He always accepts with pleasure the expressions of affection which come from the heart of His faithful ones. (*Meditate in silence.*)

#### OFFERING

**H**OLY FATHER, Who hast so loved the world as even to sacrifice Thy Incarnate Son for it, in the name of all the redeemed I thank Thee for this act of Thy infinite charity, offering Thee in return the most perfect holiness and merits of the same Only Begotten Son. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

Holy Father, Who to deliver us from eternal perdition hast placed upon the adorable humanity of Thine Only Begotten Son the execrable burden of all our iniquities, I offer Thee the agony of Jesus in Gethsemane, beseeching Thee to grant me the grace to enjoy in eternity the fruits of His unspeakable torments. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

Holy Father, Who to reconcile guilty humanity with Thy offended Majesty, hast subjected Thy most innocent Son to the rigors of inexorable justice, on Whom were laid the pains merited by our sins, I offer Thee the most lovable submission of Jesus in Gethsemane, be-

seaching Thee to grant the conversion and salvation of all sinners. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

#### HYMN

Oh, how obscured is that Sun divine!  
Oh, how saddened is Jesus in the Garden!  
Oh, heavens! how He weeps for this soul of mine!  
He sees that His Passion will be in vain  
For many of the redeemed, who will prefer to perish:  
Now rent is the Heart, so steeped in pain.

#### SECOND QUARTER OF AN HOUR

JESUS ANGUISHES BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF HUMAN INIQUITY

**A**LREADY a long hour of anguish has passed for Jesus amid the darkness of the night and in the abandonment by His beloved disciples. The vivid apprehension of the cruel outrages awaiting Him has spread terror and fear into His blessed soul. He now feels far more keenly the enormous weight of His mission as Savior of the world. He sees that the time of His immolation has come. . . . Heaven, earth and hell are already armed against Him. He must sustain a great battle, in which all blows will be hurled against Him alone!

What does Jesus do? Pallid, trembling, He turns to His Father and humbly exclaims: "Father if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me." What response will the humble prayer of the Son of God receive? Heaven is shut . . . there is no answer! He wishes to endure even this pain to obtain for us humble perseverance in prayer, and constant patience although Heaven seems closed to our supplications. Ah, good Jesus! there is no suffering which Thou hast not undergone for our comfort and example.

But follow Thy Jesus, O my soul, Who, urged by love, proceeds further and further on the way of sorrow. The frightful procession of all the sins, of all the crimes of the sons of Adam present themselves to His mind and lacerate His Heart. Yet He sees that He must take on Himself this loathesome burden, and appear before the most pure eyes of His Father, covered with the filthiness of sin. It is impossible for the human mind to understand or even to imagine the horrible torture which the blessed and most innocent soul of Jesus now suffered! Already He had piteously complained, saying by the mouth of the prophet: "The wicked have wrought upon My back!" Oh, how greatly oppressed is the dear Savior under the weight of so many sins!

But surely the Divine Lamb Who is about to immolate Himself to Divine Justice so often offended by men, after having satisfied for human iniquity in

sacrificing His precious life upon a gibbet to take away the sins of the world, can He not at least hope that men acknowledging so great a benefit, will banish sin forever and remain always faithful to Him Who suffered so much to save them from eternal death?

Ah, poor Jesus, would that it were thus! But instead . . . a picture more horrible than the preceding opens before His mind. He sees that even after having redeemed mankind by so much suffering and having washed the earth with His Blood: even after having infused the Divine Spirit into His faithful, and made the earth a Paradise of Grace through the Eucharist; ah! even after so many excesses of charity, He still sees sin holding sway in the world. He sees His holy law trampled underfoot, His Church and ministers persecuted, His grace neglected, His love despised . . . and weeping He says: "What profit is there in My Blood? Why pour out all My Blood? Why die amid the agonies of a gibbet, if men, ungrateful for so many benefits, will afterwards give themselves over to the power of the demon and to eternal perdition? When will the sway of sin end in the world?" And the good Jesus casting His glance upon all the ages to come, beholds sin in all the centuries to follow, in each succeeding year, every day, and at each moment! . . . And the weight of these sins heavily oppress Him, and make Him repeat: "The wicked have wrought upon my back; they have lengthened their iniquity!"

My soul, wilt thou still be among those who lengthening this chain of sin and, repeatedly putting off their promised conversion, wrench from the Heart of Jesus that cry so full of righteous sorrow? Oh, how horrible is sin after a God has shed His Blood to destroy it! Oh how horrible is sin in a soul already cleansed by that divine Blood! in souls united to the Heart of Jesus by Holy Communion! O most afflicted Savior, with great reason dost Thou lament and weep!

But if Jesus with great reason weeps for the sins of the redeemed in general, what does He not suffer at foreseeing the sins of His intimate friends, of the souls consecrated to Him? "O beloved souls," He exclaims, "souls of My peace, who are the intimate friends of My Heart, who live in My house, eat of My bread and nourish yourselves at My table, why do you pierce My Heart by sin? People of My Heart, what have I ever done to thee? In what have I grieved thee? I have slaked your thirst with the Heavenly waters of My grace, and you have given Me gall! I have satiated you with the precious manna of My Flesh and you have struck Me with blows and scourgings! O My people, what have I done to thee? in what have I grieved thee? I have prepared thee a throne in Heaven and you

have presented Me a gibbet! Dear soul, vineyard, beloved of My Heart, what more could I have done for thee that I have not done? What is there that I ought to do more for my vineyard that I have not done to it? And for so much love you return Me brambles and thorns!" (*Meditate in silence.*)

## OFFERING

O MY afflicted Savior, why cannot I offer Thee my heart and the hearts of all those men who burn with the fire of perfect love, to repay somewhat Thy own infinite love? Grieving for my coldness and that of others, I offer Thee, O good Jesus, that holy ardor with which the ancient patriarchs sighed for Thy coming, and that holy zeal by which Thy Apostles spread Thy Name throughout the whole world. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

O suffering Redeemer, I offer Thee that perfect and most tender compassion which Thy Immaculate Mother, pierced in her soul by the sword of sorrow, offered Thee at the sight of Thy sufferings; and that most perfect gratitude with which, for the whole human race, she thanked Thee, praised Thee and blessed Thee in acknowledging the infinite benefit of Thy Redemption. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

My agonizing Jesus, I, a wretched creature, not being able to give Thee that comfort which I would, offer Thee the joy given to the Trinity and the Angels of Heaven, when Thou didst fulfill, with such pain and with such love, the great work of Redemption; at the same time beseeching Thee that all the redeemed may be made to understand well this mystery of infinite love. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

## HYMN

Prone on the earth the dear Lord has fallen,  
Oppressed by the burden of measureless sorrow,  
Borne down by the weight of our transgressions.

O Heavenly spirits, just a little comfort  
Present to the Lord, Who groans in the garden,  
Who prays, Who weeps, Who is near to dying.

## THIRD QUARTER OF AN HOUR

## THE GREAT FIAT

CONTEMPLATE, O redeemed soul, how your Savior, His Heart transpierced by man's ingratitude, falls prostrate in agony upon the ground. He is alone, abandoned, with no one to aid Him, Who has not refused to extend His hand to the weak and the afflicted, and even to make a resting place of His Breast for His Apostle, who, tired, laid his head upon it!

Rise up, faithful soul, the moment has come in which to make Jesus suffering a return of love. What would you have done if on the night of the Passion you had found yourself in Gethsemane close to the agonizing Jesus?

My dearest Lord, I wish to raise Thee up from the earth . . . to offer Thee my heart, upon which to rest Thy drooping Head and then to say a word which will console Thee. My most sweet Savior, I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee! I wish to see love for Thee, to obtain love for Thee, to have all love Thee. I wish to consume life itself to have Thee loved, loved greatly, loved always, loved by all Thy redeemed.

My sweet Jesus, I have said that I would spend even life itself to have Thee loved; to make any sacrifice for this, no matter how great; yet when I meet some slight contradiction, some small humiliation, a refusal, a reproof, an unkindness . . . do I bear it? do I really love sacrifice? . . . do I rejoice in being able to offer Thee the mortification of a passion? . . . Good Jesus, I am ashamed to answer. . . . But here close to Thee; here at the school of suffering and love, I wish to learn, my sweet Master, to mortify and sacrifice myself in all things and for love of Thee.

Meanwhile the hours of His mortal agony pass slowly for Jesus. . . . He, the God of Heaven and earth, languishes prostrate upon the ground, and no one is mindful of Him. But what are the disciples doing? They sleep! . . . Ah, Jesus on the night of His Passion had to undergo even this pain of desertion of His dear ones; and He felt in His Heart the whole bitterness of it! That sorrow He then accepted, even desired it; but now He does not wish it any longer; rather He wants His redeemed to hold vigil around Him, meditating on His Passion. But instead the greater part sleep the sleep of the ungrateful, which consists in the forgetfulness of Him Who loves and benefits us. Oh, what an excess of ingratitude and hard-heartedness! O good Jesus, Thou art not known; for did we but know Thee, we would always think of Thee, and our hearts would not beat except for Thee.

Whilst Jesus is grieving alone and prostrate upon the ground, behold an Angel of Heaven comes to comfort Him. With the humility of an obedient son, Jesus receives His Father's messenger, ready to submit to His Commands. The Angel has come to strengthen Him, but not to console Him, nor to lighten His pains, nor to take from His hands the bitter chalice. Indeed He encourages Jesus to bear up under the battle He is to wage, and to receive bravely the blows which Heaven, the world, and hell will hurl at Him; Heaven, because the eternal Justice of the Father was

about to punish in Him all the iniquity of men; the world, which unable to endure the holiness of the Son of God, was preparing a Cross for Him; and hell, which through hatred for the Saint of Saints, excites the enemies of Jesus Christ to greater cruelty, and more spiteful outrage. Wherefore the Angel exhorts Him to drink to the very dregs the abominable chalice of human iniquity, to become, as it were, cursed for us, to bear the whole weight of Divine Vengeance.

Meanwhile Justice and Mercy await the fiat of Jesus, in which they will be reconciled forever. Heaven awaits it, that it might be peopled by holy men; the earth awaits it, yearning to see the malediction merited by its first sin blotted out by the Precious Blood of the Divine Redeemer; the Just imprisoned in the bosom of Abraham, await it, that they might fly to the embrace of their Creator; miserable mortals await it, that they might again become the children of God and see the gates of Heaven reopened to them. But how greatly does this fiat cost Jesus. He, the most innocent, He, the Holy and Immaculate One—must needs put on the loathsome garb of the sinner, of the wicked: must needs appear as the guilty one, and make our iniquities His own. Immeasurable is the anguish this causes Him, and makes Him repeat: "Let this Chalice pass from Me!" But at the same time He sees that we are lost if He does not take the guilt of our offenses upon Himself, if He does not consent to the scourges of the punisher, Justice, and wash away our iniquities in His Blood. . . . Therefore with a most generous burst of heroic love, Jesus pronounces His sublime fiat.

He says fiat "Thy will be done," and thus He consents to shoulder all our misdeeds, and as if guilty of them, accepts, yea even calls upon Himself these horrible chastisements; wherefore He says fiat to the thorns to expiate for our evil thoughts; fiat to the scourging to punish in Himself our sins of sensuality; fiat to the insults, the spittle and blows to atone for our pride; fiat to the vinegar and gall, in satisfaction for our numberless sins of speech and gluttony; fiat to the cross and nails, to repair for our disobedience; fiat to those three hours of fearful agony on the cross to heal all our wounds, to remedy all our evils: fiat to His death to give us eternal life! Oh precious fiat which rejoices Heaven, saves the world, and overthrows hell! Fiat that breaks so many chains, dries so many tears! Thanks be to Thee, O good Jesus; thanks for so generous a fiat. I bless Thee and thank Thee in the name of all men. (*Meditate in silence.*)

## OFFERING

HOLY FATHER, Who in reparation for our rebellious and disobediences didst wish to be honored by the

generous *fiat* of Jesus in Gethsemane, I offer Thee that same *fiat* in expiation for all the offenses which Thy adorable Majesty has received from my rebellious and stubborn will, beseeching Thee to grant me perfect docility and submission through the merits of the same *fiat*. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

Holy Father, through the glory which the generous *fiat* of Jesus in Gethsemane procured for Thee, I beseech Thee to pardon me every fault of rebellion and disobedience, and to grant me the grace henceforth to love fully submissive to Thy holy will and to the will of my superiors for love of Thee. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

Holy Father, through the generous effort and the anguish which the *fiat* uttered in Gethsemane cost Jesus, I beg Thee to grant to me, to all the souls consecrated to Thee, and to all Christians, the spirit of holy fortitude and constancy, united to a generosity which will count as light every sacrifice for Thy glory. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

## HYMN

From lips divine, O Heaven, has come  
The awaited word which gives us life;  
But alas! to the desolate Lord the cost  
is great.

It costs Him a flood of insults and pains,  
He pays with the Blood of all His veins,  
The price is to die in a sea of sorrow.

## LAST QUARTER OF AN HOUR

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS AND ITS FRUITS

**M**Y JESUS has now uttered His great *fiat*! But the effort causes Him to fall again upon the earth, crushed beneath the enormous weight with which He had burdened Himself. Oppressed on the one hand by the divine Justice, which considers Him as universal victim upon whom are to be united all sin and its punishment; and on the other hand by His infinite desire to fulfill His divine mission as Redeemer of the world, which latter is preparing for Him that baptism of blood so greatly desired by Him.

Ah! in truth, the good Jesus can now be considered as choice wheat ground between two mill-stones, and as sweet grapes trodden in the wine-press! Indeed, such is the intense agony which oppresses His Heart that He begins to sweat Blood from all His members; and this so copiously, that it trickles down to the ground! Oh, how much has that great *fiat* cost Jesus! Oh, how much He has had to suffer in order to become debtor for our sins! And what shame for me who refuse to make even the least sacrifice, whilst I see my God freely become victim for love of me. "He was offered because it was His own will."

But why, sweet Jesus, why torture Thyself thus with infinite pain, Thou Who with one sole prayer, with one sigh, with one beat of Thy Heart, couldst have saved the world? But a prophet had already said that the redemption of Jesus would be a copious redemption. And truly it is a copious redemption which He has wrought, for by it we are not only delivered from eternal death, but are moreover restored to the honor enjoyed by the innocent, the just and the saints! Only a God could have accomplished so great a work!

But Jesus is not yet satisfied; in His incomprehensible love He wishes that by means of His sufferings there be placed in our hands as something absolutely ours, the rich treasures of His merits, that by them we might obtain every good from the most High.

What more could be desired? Yet there are gifts so great that man could not have dared to ask for them, nor even thought of being able to acquire them. But the infinite charity of our Blessed Savior thinks of them, and with the voice of His Blood, and the sighs of His afflicted Heart He obtains for us from His Father the supreme grace of being raised up even to the embrace of the Divinity, by means of the Eucharist which He had that same night instituted. And as if this is not enough to satisfy a charity which knows no limits, He wishes that His Spirit, The divine Paraclete, be infused and remain permanently in our souls. "I shall ask the Father," He had said that same night to His Apostles, "I shall ask the Father, and He shall send you the Holy Spirit." And now here in Gethsemane, suffering and dripping Blood, He fulfills such a promise meriting for us the infusion of the Divine Paraclete, and thus elevating man to the highest degree of happiness, grace and glory.

Jesus can now do no more for us; yet there remains to Him one more desire. He remembers that His Father has said to Him: "Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the nations as Thy inheritance"; and raising His bloodstained Face to Heaven, He asks that among those nations promised Him as His inheritance, He might have chosen bands of espoused souls who will be the beloved of His Heart, faithful disciples following His example, and upon whom He can pour forth the abundance of those graces merited by Him with so much pain. "Give Me souls, give Me souls, O Father, and all else will I give Thee, even My life which will be consummated on the cross for them. Give Me souls."

And among all these souls Jesus also chooses yours; desires it, wants it, asks it with tears of His Father, and for it in particular renews the offering of Himself and all His boundless sufferings. My soul, my soul, how greatly

art thou loved by that God, Who sweating blood, chose thee, desired thee, embraced thee as spouse!

And even as in a little while Jesus, from the height of the cross, will say to His Mother "Behold thy son," and in the person of John will consign to her all the redeemed, so in Gethsemane He turns to His Father and says: "Behold Thy children. I, Thy Son by nature, hold the place of sinful man, that the sinner might take My place and become Thy child by grace. For Me, O Father, sufferings; for the sinner, pardon and peace; for Me death, for him life; for Me, abandonment, for him a perfect, blessed and eternal union with Thee. . . . Behold, behold Thy children . . . embrace them. My Blood renders them pure, beautiful, and worthy of Thee. Father, I wish (Jesus had never before said "I wish," but now He says it), I wish that the souls which Thou hast given to Me, may be one with Us, united to Us, as I with Thee. Remember, O Father, that I have abased Myself to become man, that man might be raised up even to God reigning in Thine own glory for all eternity." Behold the incomprehensible mysteries of love which operate in the Heart of a God Who sweats blood for men! Behold the admirable fruits of the Blood of Jesus!

Silence, admiration and generous love; these, O redeemed soul, soul espoused to a God become man, is the only return you can make to the Great, and Holy, and Infinite Love, Who immolates Himself for thee! (*Meditate in silence.*)

## OFFERING

**H**OLY FATHER, with a heart penetrated with the most vivid gratitude, I thank Thee in the name of all men, for giving us a Redeemer so good and so generous, through Whom, with infinite advantage, we have recovered the blessings lost by original sin. I offer Thee for the salvation of all the redeemed, the Blood which He shed, beseeching Thee to grant that the fruits of the redemption be as copious as the redemption itself and that the good Jesus be known, loved and blessed by all the children of Adam for all eternity. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

Holy Father, I offer the Precious Blood of Jesus, to obtain from Thy mercy the exaltation and increase of the Catholic Church, the conversion of all infidels, heretics, and sinners, the perseverance of the just, and the liberation of the souls in Purgatory. I offer it Thee for the greater good of my superiors and all my dear ones. Moreover, I offer it Thee for the sanctification of my soul and to obtain . . . (*here one petitions for all the graces desired.*) (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)



Holy Father, Who hast so loved the world as even to sacrifice Thine only begotten Son amid great torment for it, grant that the world will now exceedingly love Jesus, show whole-hearted gratitude to Him, bless and exalt Him; and that the souls may be many who are perfectly united and constantly faithful to Him, and that among that number may also be found my own poor soul. Holy Father, I offer Thee the sighs, the prayers, and the agony of Jesus in Gethsemane, together with the Blood He shed, that Thou mayest deign to reawaken most vividly in the hearts of all Christians devotion to the admirable mysteries of the Redemption; and with it that true and generous spirit of sacrifice, which makes the soul so like to Jesus. (*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.*)

## HYMN

O Precious Blood which flows from the Heart  
Of God the Savior, to cleanse our sins;  
I love Thee, adore Thee; my hope Thou art.

The decree of death through Thee is cancelled:  
O Precious Blood of our loving Jesus!  
Through Thee are reopened the gates of Heaven.

## CONCLUSION

ONE more glance at your Jesus, O my soul, O daughter of His love and pain. The long hours of the Agony in Gethsemane have already passed to give place to a day of outrage and to the final three hours of torture on the cross. Behold Judas comes to betray Him . . . and Jesus like a meek lamb, goes to meet him! Ah, my Jesus, am I to see Thee in the arms of a traitor? Ah, no! rather come to my embrace; even into my heart, O good Jesus, for I no longer wish to offend Thee, but always to love Thee. (*Spiritual Communion.*)

## FRUITS TO BE REAPED FROM THE HOLY HOUR

1. To stamp upon one's heart the sufferings of Jesus and often to meditate upon them.
2. To excite oneself to a generous love for Jesus and to refuse Him no sacrifice.
3. To reflect that the blessed Jesus no longer being and suffering upon earth, and no longer having need of loving services, has left us the afflicted in His place; wherefore He wishes that we give to our neighbor that sympathy and aid which He (to suffer the more) renounced in His Passion, we being certain that He will consider as done to Himself, that which we do to our brethren. This reflection will make charity increase within us.

## BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE HOLY HOUR

[In the following summary a few thoughts are put down for those who desire to make the Holy Hour, and yet do not wish to read it at length. Attention is called to the fact that the three points belonging to each quarter of an hour correspond to five minutes of time. To each of these points (after having considered them for a time) a vocal prayer may be added.]

## FIRST QUARTER OF AN HOUR

## WHAT DOES JESUS SEE IN GETHSEMANE?

1. On the one hand He sees an abyss of evils—the sins of all men from Adam even to the end of time; He also sees our sins, and bitterly grieves for them.
2. On the other hand He sees the unspeakable pains He must endure in order to atone for sin.
3. Oh, how much have you also, my soul, added to the sufferings of your Redeemer! How greatly have you by your sins increased His pains!

## SECOND QUARTER OF AN HOUR

## WHAT DOES JESUS SAY IN GETHSEMANE?

1. Weighed down by immeasurable grief He turns to His Father and says: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me, that I may not drink it"; then He adds: "Yet not My will, but Thine be done." And in these words He consented to become a victim for our salvation.
2. Afterwards He returns to the three Apostles to whom He had said: "Watch with Me and pray"; and finding them asleep He gently reproves them saying: "Could you not watch one hour with Me?"
3. Oh, how many slothful and sluggish souls there are who do not obey the "watch and pray," and who receive the visits of Jesus sleeping the fatal sleep of tepidity!

## THIRD QUARTER OF AN HOUR

## WHAT DOES JESUS SUFFER IN GETHSEMANE?

1. He suffers as much as all sinners, through bitter remorse and just sorrow, would have to suffer; because He truly wishes to satisfy for, and cancel our sins.
2. He suffers as much as the most

loving of Hearts is able to suffer in seeing Himself repaid by contempt and ingratitude . . . seeing that for many, His pains and His death on the Cross, will be useless!

3. Oh how great should be our shame at seeing how little we do and suffer for our salvation; whilst we see that the Son of God, precisely to save us, offers Himself up to untold pains.

## LAST QUARTER OF AN HOUR

## WHAT DOES JESUS DO IN GETHSEMANE?

1. In His infinite charity He embraces all sinners, of all places and times; clasps them to His Heart, bathes them in His Blood, cleanses them from their sins, enriches them with His merits, and makes Himself criminal and debtor in their stead.
2. Then affirming anew, with a generous fiat, the decree of His immolation, He reunites God to man, until then separated by sin. Furthermore, turning to His redeemed He takes leave of them, even as a Father who goes to die for His children.
3. What answer, O redeemed soul, have you to make to your Lord, who says to you: "Farewell, I go to sacrifice Myself for Thee"? The only worthy answer is: "And I, O loving Savior, shall immolate myself for Thee, and promise Thee never again to refuse any sacrifice to Thy love. Amen."

## PRAYER TO OBTAIN GRACES

(Composed by the Servant of God,  
Gemma Galgani.)

BEHOLD me at Thy most holy feet, O dear Jesus, to manifest to Thee my acknowledgment and gratitude for the continual favors which Thou hast bestowed upon me, and still wish to bestow upon me. As many times as I have invoked Thee, O Jesus, Thou hast made me content; I have often had recourse to Thee and Thou hast always consoled me. How shall I express myself to Thee, dear Jesus? I thank Thee. Yet one more grace I desire of Thee, O my God, if it be pleasing to Thee (here mention the special grace). If Thou wert not omnipotent I would not make Thee this request. O Jesus have pity on me. May Thy most holy will be done in all things.

## The Sign and the Wonder

By LOIS DONOVAN

THIS is the Sign: a Star that makes of night,  
A jeweled day of crystalline delight;  
This is the Wonder: in an oxen's stall,  
A Little Babe asleep; the Lord of All.

# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## That Voyage of Adventure

By DADDY SENN FU

You take the train at big Shanghai,  
And ride northwest a while;  
You stop at Nanking, board a boat—  
(But please don't look for style)  
In this sampan you sail southwest,  
Then northwest to Hankow—  
(This is a very dangerous trip,  
But make it anyhow)  
Southwest you go once more and reach

A lake called Teung Ting.  
And, oh, the rapids! (But you are  
As brave as anything!)  
Out of the lake you sail and see  
Changteh. And stop? Not you!  
You do not stop until you reach  
Your dear old Shen Chow Fu!

## Our Good Wishes

**H**APPY Christmas Betty and Joan and Jane Marie, and Billy and Peter and Jack, and all the rest of you! I am going to ask you to do one little thing Christmas Day for the missions. It is this: Say a fervent prayer that all missionaries—all over the world—will receive, during this holy season, an abundance of grace and renewed courage to continue fervently their beautiful work for God. And ask the Divine Infant as a Special Christmas present for yourselves that you may never forget His dear friends, the poor. Oh, let us not be selfish on Christmas Day! Even to *think* of the poor is a good thing now while you are Juniors. When you grow up, you will be able to *give*, and, oh, how grateful you will be to God for that gift which He brought to earth on that first Christmas Day — the precious gift of Charity!

## Don Looks Ahead

By DAVID CARROLL

**W**ANG LEE was coming with us, but he has changed his mind." Don's father, sitting in a veranda chair, inhaled a mouthful of smoke from his cigar, then blew out six bluish-white rings. Ten-year-old Donald watched them float off and disappear. "The Reds have won him over," Mr. Stanley went on. "He says he wants to save his country."

"Our idea from another point of view," observed the young man sitting near. This was Mr. Jack. "China is worth saving. I like the people. What endurance they have! What self-control!" Donald listened attentively. Mr. Jack was his tutor and his friend. Everything he said was undoubtedly true. So Don was not going to lose a word. "I envy them that self-control."

"Some nations have it," said Mr. Stanley. A well-built, well-dressed gentleman he was, with a ruddy face pleasant to look upon. His hair was quite gray. The recent troubles in China had helped to change it, having seriously interfered with the business which had brought him over from the United States.

"Did you see any virtue in Wang Lee this morning when I threatened to kick him out?" asked Don's father. "The yellow rascal!"

Mr. Jack's blue eyes twinkled. "I know what you're thinking," continued Mr. Stanley. "You're thinking you didn't see much virtue in me either. I *did* lose my temper. But the yellow scamp stays out so late at night that he never serves breakfast on time. However," he added with a glance at his son, "I ought to have practiced self-control."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Jack laughing, "we all take a tumble now and

then. Only I hope Wang Lee won't be vindictive."

"He'll have to hurry about it," returned Mr. Stanley. "We have just forty-eight hours more in this country. Are you ready?"

"All ready," nodded Mr. Jack. He puffed at his cigarette for a few minutes, then spoke again. "When I was a youngster, I read in some book or other a sentence that made a deep impression upon me. '*The conquest of self is the highest triumph that man can achieve.*' I copied it into a diary that I kept. And you know that sentence for me had the clang of arms in it, and the sound of a call to battle—to something quite like a crusade."

"It's hard," Mr. Stanley said. "I hope you're teaching my boy that."

"Oh, Don's a soldier!" exclaimed Mr. Jack. "He has self-control."

"I'm going to be a sailor when I get big," Don spoke excitedly. "I'm not going to cry about anything! I'm going on a crusade."

"Let us *hope* so," Mr. Stanley rose. "I have a little business down at the bund. Want to come, Jack?"

"Surely. So long, Don, for a while."

He wished they had invited him. He would have liked to stride down the garden path beside them. He wished he were grown up. At the gate both turned and waved to him. In response he waved his hands above his head. Then he pranced over to the door and called in, "Are you there, mother?"

"Yes, I'm here," came back a sweet voice from a room at the rear of the house. "I'm putting baby in his crib."

Quite happy, Don hopped over on one foot to the veranda post, and, clinging there once more, gazed down past the roofs of the white houses and out across the bay at the warships.

"A sailor—a sailor," he crooned.

He faltered, then stopped in his song. Over near the chrysanthemum beds, beyond the bamboo trees, he had seen the quick flash of a blue garment. He did not know why he was afraid. Queer little feelings began to run round and round his heart. He stole to the door again.

"Mother, are you there?"

"Yes, darling. I'm packing baby's clothes for the voyage."

Don, relieved, did a funny dance in the doorway, an expression of his delight at the coming trip back to America. They were all to go—daddy and mother and Mr. Jack and the baby brother and Don himself. At Honolulu they would stop for a day to get Don's sisters, who had sailed the week before with grandma.

"And then I'll go on a crusade!" Don exclaimed aloud. Mr. Jack had once read him a most exciting poem about a brave crusade leader, Don John of Austria. "Don John of Austria—Don John of Austria—Don John of Austria's riding to the war!" Chanting the words in military time, his shoulders back, his chin in, his head erect, he marched forward to the steps of the veranda. "Self-control." He had learned about that today. Soon he would know almost as much as daddy and Mr. Jack. "Self-control—self-control—self..."

A hand was placed over his mouth, another gripped his arm. Wang Lee's face, cruel vengeful, bent low near his own.

"If you speak, I kill."

Don felt himself lifted in two wiry arms. He was almost dead from fright. Swiftly across the garden he was carried, down past the chrysanthemum beds and the bamboo trees. At the garden wall they stopped, and Wang Lee set him upon the ground, saying through tightened lips, "I will not hurt—I will not kill unless you cry out. Understand?"

Don nodded his head. He was gasping for breath. "Daddy won't like it—" his throat was throbbing so violently that he could scarcely form the words—"he won't like me to leave the garden."

"S—s—s—" Wang Lee made a hissing sound between his teeth. "Come. We go over the wall." He lifted Don up and climbed up beside him; then dropped down into the street. "Quick," he commanded, and began to run, dragging poor Don along by the hand. They had soon left the residential section of the city, and were following a puzzling route

which led them at length to the dirty alleys of the lowest district. Here Wang Lee slackened his pace. At the crossing of two muddy roadways he halted.

"We rest," he said.

Don sank to the ground. Wang Lee, breathing heavily, sat down in the mud beside him. A shopkeeper ambled over from his doorway and asked a few questions, some of which Don could understand. Wang Lee answered the man only in grunts. Finally the merchant proposed the sale of some clothes for the foreign child. Wang Lee nodded an assent. The man went to his shop and returned with a little black silk jacket, and a purple skirt, and Chinese shoes. In these Don was dressed there at the street corner. His own American clothes Wang Lee left with the shopkeeper.

"Wang Lee," said Don, looking up beseechingly at his captor, "won't you please take me home?"

"Sh!" The Chinaman placed a rude hand over the boy's mouth, then, catching him by the arm, began once more to drag him on through the dirt of the alleys. They came out at last to a place somewhat like the bund, but narrower. They walked along here until the rail between them and the water stopped. At this point the embankment sloped roughly down to the beach near which hundreds of poor looking sampans crowded one another for room.

Wang Lee glanced round. He was evidently waiting for someone. After a few minutes the someone arrived—another Chinaman stouter than Wang Lee and not so keen-faced. They conferred in friendly tones at first. Don understood now that he was to be given to this second man and carried off somewhere to be held for ransom. His little chest was aching with his effort to suppress his tears. Gradually he perceived that some dispute had arisen between the men. The newcomer had expected Wang Lee to give him some money then and there. Wang Lee denied that he had made any such promise. They passed from argument to abuse. They were suddenly startled by the sound of shouting in the nearby alleys. Even as they listened, the shouting grew louder. Undoubtedly a Bolshevik mob was rushing in their direction, and in a moment or two would be upon them. Wang Lee swung round and grappled with his enemy. Both rolled in the dust. The

mob broke out of the dark alleys, howling, pushing, crying out against all foreigners, and plunged along the narrow quay.

Don, knocked over in the first onslaught like a toy nine-pin, felt himself slip beyond the edge of the embankment. In vain he tried to stop himself. Down, down, he rolled, sharp projections bruising him and cutting his face and hands. His head struck something once—twice. Everything became black.

\* \* \* \* \*

DONALD's mother was a little person—all daintiness in her Chinese costume of burnt orange and blue, put on today for the first time, because at any moment the American consul might give the order for his countrymen to leave the city, and, in that event, a disguise might be necessary. Deftly she piled the little baby clothes into the trunk, patting each tiny garment with a certain affection. In forty-eight hours they would be aboard ship and out of danger! And then America and home! She smiled happily. Her little girls were safe, and the baby, and Donald—Donald? Was he still on the veranda?

"Donnie," she called, "are you there?"

There was no response.

"Donald, dear." She hurried out to the doorway. She ran down the garden path and anxiously looked up and down the street. There was no sign of him. She returned distracted, hastening to different parts of the garden, crying out, "Donald, darling, where are you?"

The sudden thought of the baby in his crib alone in the house forced her to go back there. She caught him up in her arms, and went once more to the veranda, calling Donald's name. Up the garden path, breathlessly running, came Anna Shiang, the Christian Chinese girl who worked about the house for Mrs. Stanley.

"Go! Go!" she shrieked, wildly waving her hands. "Go! Take baby away! They kill the foreigners. All the bad Chinese man coming in crowd!"

Mrs. Stanley, her face very white, stood at the top of the veranda steps, clasping her baby to her heart.

"Donald, Anna! Where is Donald?"

From the far distance a sound of shouting swept through the air. The Chinese girl listened for a moment,



her lips parted, her eyes full of terror.

"It is the Reds," she whispered, and, in a flash, was running frantically down the garden gate. At the gate she was halted by a coolie, the leader of a hurrying procession of three rickshaws with their carriers. The procession swung up the path. From one rickshaw sprang Mr. Jack, and from another, Mr. Stanley.

"We're leaving now—this minute," excitedly said the latter to his wife. "Come. Jump in. No time for luggage."

"But Donald! Donald! He's gone!" She could not speak above a whisper.

"Gone?"

"He was here. He called in to me twice. Then I came out to look for him, and—he was gone."

Mr. Stanley pressed his lips together. Then, "Jack, will you accompany Mrs. Stanley to the boat? I'll go . . ."

"Look out!" Jack sprang forward, but Mr. Stanley was first though barely in time to prevent his wife with her baby son from falling upon the veranda floor.

The fact that she had fainted made it easy to place her in one of the rickshaws. A cordial brought from the house by Jack shortly restored her to consciousness, and before she could utter a syllable in protest, Mr. Stanley had given the order to the coolies to move on, and she was carried rapidly off to the safety of the wharf. Mr. Stanley himself, the baby in his arms, followed close in another rickshaw.

"I'll be back," he shouted to Jack.

But Jack shouted in return, "No! Don't come back! I'll find him!"

\* \* \* \* \*

DON felt a hand upon his head.

"Mother," he said, and opened his eyes.

It was not his lovely dark-haired mother who was bending over him, but a broad-faced Chinese girl whose smiling mouth where two front teeth were missing, made Don's heart beat fast with fear. When he heard her voice, however, he knew that she was good and kind.

"No be afraid, little boy," she whispered. Then she turned and exchanged a few words in Chinese with someone else in the room. Or was it a room? Don could not tell. It was dark, and the ceiling was low, and curving close over him. He was lying on a straw mat with a thick

covering over him. The girl moved off a few steps, and came back with a brown bowl.

"Eat rice," she said, and held the bowl to Don's lips. "Where does your mother live?"

When Don had told her his address, her face grew sad and sympathetic, and again she spoke to the other person in the room. Their talk was about the Bolshevik mob, and of how they were ill-treating the foreigners.

"You know some Chinese people?" she then asked.

Don mentioned Wang Lee and Anna Shiang.

"Good." She nodded her head. "It is enough. You stay here some more," she continued. "I try find your mother. I Christian. I work for Sisters at convent." She showed him a small crucifix which she wore hidden in the neck of her dress, and he, at the sight, felt suddenly happy and safe.

She opened the curtain then to let in some air. Don sat up, and, gazing out, realized that he was in one of those poor sampans which he had seen crowded together at the foot of the quay. The light permitted him to see, too, when he turned round, a Chinese woman, thin and small and sickly, and scarcely breathing, lying over in the corner. Beside her lay a starved-looking baby, its eyes fixed and staring. The girl, having moved from the doorway, peered for a moment at the baby's pinched face, then, with a cry of agony, gathered it in her arms.

"He dies!" she wailed.

The woman feebly murmured some word which Don did not understand. The girl uttered a torrent of Chinese, the tears streaming down her cheeks. The woman spoke again. It was an English word that came now from her withered and pallid lips.

"Baptize."

"Can you?" sobbed the girl, holding the dying baby toward Don. "I—no can. Small foreign girls at convent learn. You know?"

The very idea quite frightened Don for a second. He shook his head in the negative. He told himself that he was only ten years old, and that someone else ought to baptize the baby. But the Chinese girl persisted.

"Small girls at convent learn. You no learn?"

Of course, Don *had* learned in his catechism the lesson which teaches that in case of necessity a lay person

may baptize, and more than once he had seen Mr. Jack administer the Sacrament to dying waifs in Chinese villages which they had visited together. Mr. Jack would want him to be manly now. He knelt up, though he was extremely weak and dizzy.

"Get water." His voice was husky. "Clean water."

The girl placed the baby on the straw mat beside him, and fetched a small jar of water and a cup. Don repeated the formula over and over to himself first, then, pouring the water carefully on the head of the poor little sufferer, he said slowly the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

It was done. The girl, weeping softly now, restored the infant to its mother, and, with her emaciated but loving arms around it, in ten more minutes, it had breathed out its innocent life to God.

A wonderful emotion of happiness welled up in Don's heart. He had helped a soul into Heaven! And how glad Mr. Jack would be to hear about it! Suddenly he remembered that he did not know where Mr. Jack was, or where daddy was, or mother, or his own baby brother, or, for that matter, where he himself was. The tears rushed into his eyes. He threw himself down on his straw mat and, before he had time to prevent it, he was crying as hard as he possibly could. The Chinese girl came over and rubbed his head for a while, and at length made him swallow a tiny white pellet, and gave him a drink of water after it. In a few minutes he went peacefully to sleep.

When he awoke the Chinese girl was sitting near him on the floor, her chin resting on her upturned hands. As she stirred, she nodded to him, smiling somewhat sadly.

"No talk," she whispered. "Men come to take my mother and baby brother away. My mother die too in the night. When men come, I hide foreign boy."

She kept her word. At the sound of voices outside the sampan, she threw a heavy blanket over Don, head and all. Fortunately these Chinese undertakers worked rapidly, and when they had gone with their burden of dead, the girl accompanying them, Don was free to put his head out for air. This he did often in the course of that long day which he spent in the sampan alone.

Toward evening he lay drowsily

gazing with half closed eyes at the shadowed light of the open doorway. There, suddenly, a Chinese coolie appeared, staring eagerly into the darkness of the sampan cabin. Under the blanket in a flash went Don, holding it tight over his head.

"Don't be afraid, Donnie boy. It's I—Mr. Jack."

**S**URELY the voice was Mr. Jack's, and when Don, still in an agony of terror, looked up, he recognized, even through its Chinese disguise, the kindly face of his friend.

"Come. You're safe." Mr. Jack lifted Don and carried him outside. There the Chinese girl was waiting. "Follow," she whispered.

Swiftly, silently, they hurried along from sampan to sampan—Don faint and limp in Mr. Jack's arms—and then down a rickety wharf until at an open space they reached a homely flat-bottomed boat. Into this the girl led the way. Mr. Jack placed Don beside him in the broad seat at the stern; the girl, facing them, took the paddle in her strong hands, and, having with one push of it set her ugly craft free of its moorings, began to ferry her passengers out to the safe waters of the bay. They had gone on for about half an hour when, without warning, Mr. Jack, raising his hands to his mouth, shouted to someone off in the distance, "Help! Americans! Ahoy, captain! Help here! Help!"

The Chinese girl turned her head to see what was happening, and Don with a great effort opened his drowsy eyes. A launch was passing rapidly not many yards away. At Mr. Jack's repeated cries, it stopped and waited until the girl brought her poor old boat alongside. The captain of the launch unhesitatingly, after hearing Mr. Jack's story, invited him, his young fellow-passenger, and their crew of one aboard. Don was promptly lifted up over the rail and comfortably placed on the leather side seat; Mr. Jack followed. The Chinese girl was preparing to leave.

"Wait," he called. "Come with us."

She shook her head.

"Where will you go?" he asked.

"I go to the Sisters. I learn to baptize the babies who must die."

"But I must do something for you," protested Mr. Jack. "You saved this boy!"

The passengers were all listening now, crowding to the rail.

"He save my small brother to Heaven," she replied. "He baptize him."

"Don?" Mr. Jack glanced from one to the other in amazement.

"As you taught me," murmured Don.

"You did! Why, Don," cried Mr. Jack, and there was a great happiness in his voice, "you're a real missionary!"

The girl in the boat was ready to pull away.

"Wait!" again called Mr. Jack. "This will be of some use."

He threw her a handful of gold and silver. The captain followed his example, and before she had taken a second stroke with her queer old paddle, the group on the launch, with cheers and shouts of praise for her, had sent a shower of glittering coins into her poor little ugly flat boat. She smiled and nodded her thanks again and again as she drew away. Don dragged himself up to a kneeling position to wave a good-bye to her, and watched her until she became a blur against the sampans on the shore. Still kneeling, then, beside the rail, he stared down into the gray-green water.

"Feeling better?" asked Mr. Jack.

"Mr. Jack," asked Don, "can you see all those funny Chinese men down there under the waves. They want to get me. All their eyes are washing round at me like fishes' eyes."

"Look at me," said Mr. Jack.

Don looked up, but he could hardly control his laughter, because Mr. Jack's face seemed as big and orange-colored as the harvest moon.

"You're going to fall out of the sky!" cried the little fellow.

"Is there a doctor aboard, captain?" called Mr. Jack.

"Fever?" said the captain anxiously. "Never mind. We'll arrive in twenty minutes or so."

Someone must be very sick, Don thought. His own eyelids were burning. He was immensely glad to sit down and rest his head against Mr. Jack, and feel Mr. Jack's arm safely around him.

\* \* \* \* \*

**I**T was three days before Don became well enough to leave the stateroom aboard ship where his own darling mother had taken care of him in his illness. Finally he was able to go out on deck, and later to walk up and down with daddy and Mr. Jack. He noticed that in their

conversations, Mr. Jack often used the expression, "When I come back." He said these very words when, one morning long after China had disappeared from their view, they all—he and daddy and mother and Don—seated in their deck chairs, were enjoying the calm of the ocean and the sky.

"When I come back, all this Bolshevism will have passed away. What a country it is to convert!"

Daddy growled out something about leaving them alone—they were not worth the sacrifice.

"Do you include the girl that saved Don, and Anna Shiang who helped her to find me?" asked Mr. Jack.

"They're different," he answered.

"They belong to the nation," argued Mr. Jack, "to one of the nations which Our Lord commanded the apostles to teach."

Daddy remarked emphatically that anyway the life of a missionary was too hard.

"Hard, certainly," agreed Mr. Jack. "But it has its joys."

Here Don, fancying that he understood the meaning of that happy sound in Mr. Jack's voice, entered the discussion.

"I felt glad inside," he said, his face lighting up at the recollection. "after I baptized that Chinese baby."

"You bet you did!" exclaimed Mr. Jack heartily. "And I'm going to feel glad hundreds of times when I'm a missionary priest, because I'll be baptizing hundreds of Chinese babies and grown-ups, too."

Don, his heart feeling very brave, remarked, "When I'm as old as Mr. Jack, I'm going to be a missionary, too, and come back to China."

Daddy told him he was too young to think about such things, and mother exclaimed, "You wouldn't leave me, Donnie, would you?"

With a lump in his throat and a horrible sensation like home-sickness, Don glanced up at Mr. Jack for the fitting reply.

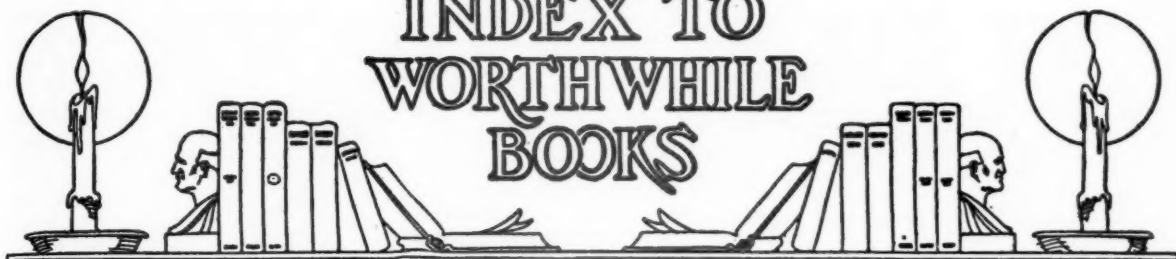
"It's too soon to begin *worrying* about it." Mr. Jack smiled down at him encouragingly. "But it isn't too soon to begin *praying* about it."

Don was tremendously relieved.

"Not right now I won't come back, 'cause mother'd be lonely. But I *am* going to pray about it."

Daddy laughed.

"Pray about it all you like, son," he said. "At least you're with us on *this* homeward trip. I'm grateful for that."



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

FRANCOIS VILLON. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Coward-McCann, New York. Price: \$5.00.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis, well known as a London journalist, has spent the past four years in France, working on his biography of Francois Villon. The result is a spirited and realistic biography of that extraordinary character. It is entertaining and picturesque as Villon himself; but it is also solid and filled with information. It is to use the author's word "a documented survey." It has well merited its selection by the Literary Guild as the outstanding book of September.

Of Villon not a great deal is known except what can be gleaned from the few autobiographical notices in his writings, and from official documents recording his difficulties with the police. But these meagre sources, together with a profound and detailed knowledge of medieval France and especially of fifteenth century Paris have enabled Mr. Lewis to write what is truly a classic biography of this Middle Age writer. He has the happy faculty of making us relive the scenes in the life of this hilarious, thieving, debauched, pious and notorious poet.

Villon's character is a peculiar combination of good and evil, of noble aspirations and ignoble actions. The author says of him, "The street, the brothel and the tavern know and hail him. . . . He has seven deadly sins known to Medieval he is already held firmly in bond by at least five; covetousness lust, sloth, gluttony and anger. To his boon companions some of whom were hung at Montfaucon he dedicates a Ballade of Good Counsel. He has a quick salt wit, and he can put his friends and enemies into verses which arose yells of laughter, so biting and so apt they are. He can rhyme drunk or sober and he is already acknowledged around the Halles quarter as the best sneak thief and *trompeur* of his year. Many times in the toils of the police. He is twice condemned to be hanged but twice escapes for which he pours forth his soul in verse of fervent gratitude."

But withal there is another side to his character. He "has within him not only filial love and patriotism but also a

glowing spark of faith to which he returns as in his verse, breaking out afterwards and sinning and repenting with groans, and returning once more to his vomit. He casts from him for a moment the crapulous years and kneels by his mother's side stretching out his hands with her to the compassionate Mother of God. This religion of his runs through the drab chronicle of his life like a bright gold thread and is as much a part of the essential Villon as his mocking humor and his sardonic philosophy. On the eve of being led out to be hanged he can compose quatrains predicting that his neck will shortly discover how much another part of his body weighs, but before his wry grin, as you might say, has completely faded, he is commending himself and his doomed companions devoutly to the prayers of men and the mercy of Christ in words which are written in the blood of his heart."

And this picaresque character, this peculiar composite of lewdness and burglary, of piety and devotion, stands out as one of the greatest of the later medieval writers or, as Hilaire Belloc puts it, "as one of the very few unquestioned, permanent summits in Western letters." And he has had the good fortune, posthumous as most of his good fortune, of having found in Mr. Lewis a worthy biographer, one who understands him, and can portray him almost as faithfully as if he had drank with him and his companions in his favorite cafe of the University Quarter of fifteenth century Paris.

Villon's character is of absorbing interest; his poetry of real and lasting value. Mr. Lewis in his biography of Villon has made a contribution to literary criticism which is undoubtedly the best work of its kind on Villon and which is destined to remain for a long time the classic work on the subject.

CATHOLICISM AND THE MODERN MIND. By Michael Williams. The Dial Press, New York. Price: \$3.50.

Coming from the editor of *The Commonweal*, one expects something good, and, as usual, is not disappointed. He has a journalist's method of presenting

Catholic truth. Anything of public interest in the shape of news answers the purpose of a hatrack for the display of Catholic thinking. There is nothing of the dry-as-dust method of handling Catholic positions, and, at the same time, there is none of the sensationalism of the newspaper style. His life-work has been journalism. To get himself read, he had to learn how to attract readers by the cords of Adam. He succeeded. In these days of dread of elaborate treatises, he managed to get together nineteen chapters, each one a complete entity in itself, yet all of them bound together into unity by what Catholicism stands for. "Catholicism and the Modern Mind" is not one of those books one must read at one sitting to arrive at the detailed working out of a theme. It offers the luxury of nineteen intellectual treats, with long intervals between them to allow time for relishing each. The time too is most opportune, because it deals with questions which are much in the public eye during this superheated presidential campaign. It is not in any sense of the word campaign literature. Catholics are not under any kind of pressure to produce such literature in favor of their Church, because all kinds of non-Catholics are doing it for them—fair-minded Protestants of all sort of church affiliation, and men and women of the unchurched multitudes. Yet, Mr. Williams discusses in a delightfully sane manner a variety of Catholic attitudes over which the American political world is very much worked up at the present time, especially the interesting one of union between Church and State. Readers who are open to conviction, will be amazed to learn how little Catholics are in sympathy with such union even in mild form. They have ample historical reasons for this attitude; for whatever may be said from an ideal viewpoint of such union, in practice it is more apt to work out to the detriment of the Church than in her favor, because the State finds it almost impossible to resist the temptation to play Pope. The great Hildebrand's (Gregory VII) experience is palpable evidence of how ready the State is to play the part of the wolf to the lamb in its dealings with the Church.



If statesmen and churchmen were uniformly balanced saints, the union should work well; but sanctity is not a distinctive trait of statesmen, and churchmen at times do not walk as closely in the Master's footsteps as they should. Trouble is bound to develop sooner or later, and generally to the detriment of Church. Then by all odds the safest policy is for both Church and State to travel their own roads in conformity with the Lord's saying: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's." Mr. Williams' book has added value, because much of it was written before the needs of this presidential campaign developed to its present virulence on religious grounds.

**THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE LAST TZARINA.** By Princess Catherine Radziwill. Lincoln MacVeagh, New York. Price: \$5.00.

This is a most disagreeable book. It is a fit companion for Eugene Bagger's "Francis Joseph." Both publications breathe the same spirit of crushing fault-finding with two down and out personalities who had much to do with the shaping of the destinies of Europe prior to the world war. One does not have to assume that because a person happens to fill a high position, especially by inheritance, that he is a superman, or in the case of a woman that she is a superwoman; but neither does it follow that because such a person failed, he or she must have been abnormal, particularly in deficiencies. Had the authoress set out with the avowed purpose of seeing yellow in every phrase of the Last Tzarina's life, she could hardly have seen more yellow than she did, short of downright immorality. It is uninviting reading and leaves in the mouth a nasty taste. Documented biographies are not always truthful, because documents can be manipulated to suit the writer's bias. One would have to do violence to the sense of fairness to absolve Princess Radziwill from bias against the Tzarina.

**THE MISBEHAVIORISTS.** By Harvey Wickham. The Dial Press, New York. Price: \$3.50.

This book should be a real joy to old-fashioned thinkers who have been unable to discover either rhyme or reason in the rantings of moderns who picture man without the olden type of soul, and a made-world without an intelligent maker. It is a delightful satire of the much propagandized pseudo-sciences of Behaviorism Psychiatry, Darwinism holding on to flimsy life-lines to save it from drowning, Eugenics, with a few comments on the Duranton way of writing history. The author also does the reader the courtesy of furnishing portraits of some of the contributors towards this label of ravings which is so attractive to modern-mindedness.

There are pictures of Dr. John B. Watson with the subscription "Give me the baby," of Professor William McDougall with the legend "Are we trying to say something," of Dr. Sigmund Freud with the description "He tells us his dreams," of Albert Edward Wiggam with the unsavory slogan "The Devil take the hindmost," of Dr. George A. Dorsey with the uncomplimentary insinuation "We do not use the brains we have," of Lewis Browne with the revealer of marvels "Stranger than fiction," and of Will Durant with the almost with us always "Almost an institution." These black and white pictures are most interesting as aids to get behind face lines for a glimpse of the kind of brains from which such theorizing oozed. It is bad policy for writers of books to patronize the studio of photographers. The obscurity of the unseen is favorable to idols. The light of day is apt to reveal a trap-door somewhere in the worship. The author does not fuss, much less scold; but in a gentle manner he exhibits the foibles of men who with the aid of the foreign jargon of Latin and Greek names, stump Mr. Average Reader. Whilst it is exhilarating reading for old-fashioned thinkers, reading it carefully may prove a plank in the mental shipwreck which has come to modern thinkers. Some of these are beyond saving, because they are not merely obsessed but actually possessed by modern self-expression. Harvey Wickham's presentation provokes the unhealthy suspicion that somewhere the guardians of sanatoria failed to prevent the escape of some of their patients.

## Gift Books

Books are always welcome as gifts. The giving of a book is a tribute to the intelligence of the recipient as well as of the giver.

Besides the books listed in these columns, there are many other splendid volumes advertised on the second and third cover pages of this issue. All will make acceptable Christmas presents.

**THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.** By Edmund Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price: \$3.50.

Father Walsh has written an absorbing history of the Russian Revolution. We can honestly say that we have never read a book of history that so enthralled us and kept us reading to the end. If there be a criticism that we would level at the volume it is that the thing is too well done. We had imagined that any book of historical importance required some sort of perseverance to see it through or else we would not have the satisfaction of thinking that we had learned something without any effort on our part. This idea that we have fondled for years was dissipated in the lucid English and logical thought of the book before us.

The author knows his "stuff." His was the great opportunity to view at close range the tragic drama which continues to shock the world. He administered Catholic relief in Russian cooperating with Herbert Hoover; was Papal Director General at the Papal Relief Mission which involved treating with the Soviet Government; was at one time, we believe, the acting Papal Nuncio at Petrograd. Father Walsh brings to his task a varied experience in a country whose tragic fall he so well describes as well as a trained mind enabling him to distinguish between cause and effect of "the great historic madness."

This is not a formal history but rather a story of a great catastrophe. It read like a mythological legend of some cannibalistic monster that exuded terror and blood over the land he trod. How fitting that the volume is bound in scarlet boards! But don't misunderstand us. The reverend author holds no brief for the Romanof regime; nor does he foster any illusions about the theory and practice of the Bolsheviks. Patent excesses are laid to both sides and the story is grim and bloody in the telling.

Withal **THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE** is a readable book; packed with thrills but nevertheless trailing the record with a conscientious exactitude that compels assent. References are given and an appendix clears numerous points. If the account seems dramatic it's because the story of the Russian Revolution is dramatic and the score could scarcely be written in a different form. Characters tell their own stories and betray their hidden motives and uncontrollable emotions; passion ejects reason and the deluge follows after.

Few books which we have read in the past few years could give us such an insight into so momentous a situation and could explain so simply yet so convincingly the sorrows and sufferings of the Russian people than this volume from the pen of Father Walsh.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## Letters From Our Missionaries

ON SEPTEMBER 3RD, pursuant to orders from the Rt. Rev. Prefect, Father Ernest and I started from Chenki to meet our Very Rev. Visitor, Father Sebastian, in Supu. Having made careful inquiries as to the condition of the road and being assured that everything was safe, we set out with light hearts. Our intention was to spend the night at Da Chiang Kou, some twenty miles from Supu and in which place Father Flavian has a mission station.

Da Chiang Kou is also twenty miles from Chenki, or about half way between Chenki and Supu. The first part of the trip was most pleasant. The road was fairly level and the sun's heat was tempered by some friendly clouds. As we neared Da Chiang Kou, however, we had to cross one particularly high mountain. By the time we reached the top I was quite exhausted, and we decided to rest before beginning the long descent. We were, at the time, less than four miles from Da Chiang Kou. It was only 11:30 A. M. so there was no need to hurry.

We were sitting there enjoying the cool river breeze when our conversation turned to bandits. We remarked that it was an ideal place for bandits. Little did we dream that there were bandits only a short distance away.

Our short rest over, we began the long descent down the mountain. About half way down I noticed a small path leading off to the side. I looked in that direction but noticed nothing to arouse suspicion. A few minutes later we met two coolies. We inquired how far it was to Da

### Bandits Again

By ANTHONY MALONEY, C. P.

Chiang Kou. They answered: "Not far." We continued on our way for about five minutes after speaking to the coolies before we heard someone shouting. Father Ernest immediately suspected that this was some signal but I attached no importance at all to the shout.

We kept on at a leisurely pace and

were about two-thirds of the way down the mountain when three armed Chinese, dressed in soldiers uniforms, came running down the steps behind us.

Father Ernest's first comment was: "The bandits have gotten us!" Again I did not agree with him. When I saw the uniforms I thought it was merely a patrol of soldiers set to guard the mountain and that they had come down to find out who we were. Father Ernest walked back to them and handed them his card in answer to their question as to who we were. Their manner of action when they received the card convinced me at once that they were really bandits. They threw the card on the ground.

Pretending that he did not realize that they were bandits, Father Ernest turned around and started back to me, telling me at the same time to jump on my mule and run. This I refused to do because I knew that even if I did make a getaway he certainly would not. The bandits were only a few feet behind him with loaded rifles pointed at his back. Even for myself there would not have been a chance to escape. There was still quite a distance to the foot of the hill and my lead of forty feet would not have been much assurance against a bullet. By the time Father Ernest had walked back to where I was standing other bandits were in view and the original trio had captured our mules and had seized us.

Their first courtesy was to empty our pockets of the little money we had, about fifteen dollars between us. They took whatever else we had—



HENRY AND JUDITH SHONG, OUR TWO CATECHISTS AT WANGTSUN, 1928



FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P., AT HOME WITH A CATECHIST

pipes, tobacco, matches, pocket knife and watches. Father Ernest carried his watch on a cord which he placed around his neck. One of the bandits got his hands on the watch and in his eagerness to possess it did not wait to lift the cord over Father's head. Instead he gave a jerk which pulled the stem ring out of the watch.

#### MORE BANDITS

**W**HEN we were ordered to turn around and go up the mountain. They tried to hurry us but we took our time. The bandits wanted speed so they got behind us and pushed us along. Every few steps more bandits would come into view until the entire band of thirty had joined us. When we reached the little side path, mentioned before, we were led off in that direction and within a few minutes were out of sight from the main road.

After they had led us halfway up another mountain they stopped to search us more thoroughly. The leader snatched Father Ernest's glasses. Then our sun-helmets were taken. Next, one of the band attempted to take Father Ernest's shoes, but when both of us strongly remonstrated he desisted.

Father Ernest tried to reason with the leader, telling him of the sad fate of his captors of two years ago

and also by assuring him that no ransom would be paid for us. All was in vain. After a short wait the leader ordered them to tie our arms behind our backs. They did this by fastening a rope just above the elbows with another short length trailing later, to be held by one of our captors. The leader then detailed four bandits to lead us on, while the main body went back to the road for more victims.

Now began the heartbreaking ascent of the mountain. We could scarcely get a foothold. Our arms bounds made matters decidedly worse. We had not had a drink of water since 5 A. M. One can easily imagine how parched we were. After climbing quite some distance up the mountain our guard called a halt. We immediately lay down in the scanty shade, wondering what was next on the program. The two of us tried to sleep but between the cramped position of our arms and the biting ants we did not have much success.

We waited in that spot thirty minutes to an hour. When the main body of the bandits came up to us they had another prisoner, a Chinese merchant. The poor fellow had tried to run, stumbled on the hill and had broken an arm and a leg. The bandits picked him up, put him back

into the chair he had been riding and ordered his chair-bearers to carry him up over the mountains after us.

Then began our real troubles. We were ordered up and forward. That mountain seemed no less than a hundred miles high. We were following cow paths most of the time. Our leather shoes caused us to slip continually. The guards hurled the most obscene curses at us for being so slow. Once or twice I slipped off the narrow path and was only saved from a nasty fall by the rope held by my guard. In one place I purposely lagged until Father Ernest, who was walking in back of me, asked me to step a little livelier because the guards were hitting him with their rifle butts because of our slow pace. When we reached the top of the mountain we were allowed to rest for a short while. The ropes were removed from our arms and our sun-helmets were restored to us.

#### A FIVE-HOUR TRAMP

**A**LL too soon came the order to move on. Now our lot was somewhat easier. Our arms were untied, there was some semblance of a road and there was little climbing. For some five hours we did nothing but tramp. The afternoon heat was so intense and our thirst so great that we drank from any running water we could reach. The bandits took good care to avoid all towns. The few people we met on the road were warned to say nothing about having seen us.

About five in the evening we arrived in a small village, evidently the bandit headquarters. Once more we drank from a questionable-looking stream. Then the two of us were put into a dirty, windowless room. It was a relief to us as we thought we were to stay there for the night. One of the bandits returned my pipe and tobacco. We filled it up, lighted it and then took turns—a few puffs each. We laughed and joked over our plight trying to guess what would happen next. One bandit always stood guard at the door. Some of the gang came into talk to us. A few of them seemed to be pretty decent fellows. One of them asked how it was that we came over that road without soldiers. When we told him that we had been assured that the road was safe, his answer was: "Why only two days ago, a hundred of us revolted and turned bandit." They also wanted to know how much



money we had on us when taken. Evidently the ones who had rifled our pockets had not divvied up.

After an hour's rest, we were surprised to be again ordered to move. We had gone only a short distance before we met the real chief. Addressing Father Ernest, he asked who we were and where we were going? On hearing the answer he said: "You can go back now. I am going to turn you loose."

We were too astounded for words. I had promised a novena of Masses for the Poor Souls, but never expected such a speedy release. The leader returned Father Ernest's watch, the horse and the mule, and bade us to be on our way and not to say anything about the whole affair since it had been done without his knowledge. We asked for a guide but he told us we could find one further along the road.

#### HOW ASSISTANCE CAME

**E**VEN when we started we feared that there was a trick in our release. The ordinary bandits did not seem at all pleased with their leader's decision. As soon as we reached a decent path we put our mounts on the run, determined to get back to the main road that night. It was already sundown and we had quite a long way to travel through an unknown country. We offered to pay several Chinese we met along the way if they would be our guide but not one would take the job. All we could do was say a prayer and choose what seemed to be the best road. The poor mules certainly had had a hard day of it. They had been worked hard first by the bandits and then by us. But we did not spare them on that ride. Both have since died.

Just as it grew dark we met two members of the local militia who were out scouting for us. At first we thought they were part of another bandit gang. You can imagine our relief when we learned who they were.

Father Ernest's cook, who was traveling along the road an hour or two behind us, had found Father Ernest's card lying on the ground where the bandit had thrown it at the time of capture. He thought it rather strange to find the card lying there and just as soon as he reached the foot of the mountain he asked whether two foreigners had passed there. Receiving a negative reply he

was sure that we had been taken by bandits. He at once sent to Da Chiang Kou for soldiers and also notified the local militia. No doubt it was the fact of the alarm being so promptly given that caused our release. While we were sitting in that windowless house a spy, giving evidence of having traveled fast, came in. Likely he brought the news that the soldiers were coming.

After we met the two militia scouts it was not long before we reached the village where Father Ernest's cook was waiting for soldiers. Within a few minutes the entire village was gathered around us asking for the whole story. We were determined to push on to Da

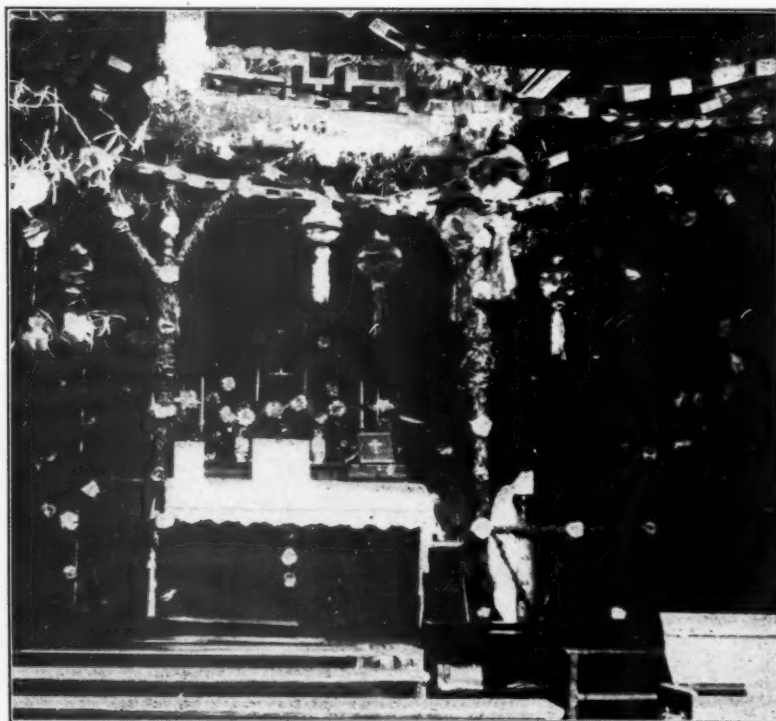
where the bandits were and seemed disappointed when we told them that they were too far away to be caught.

Footsore and weary we arrived at Da Chiang Kou about ten o'clock that night. We had been on the road for seventeen hours. We had a bite to eat about eleven-thirty, the first food we had eaten since breakfast at five that morning. My feet were one mass of blisters. Father Ernest had fared no better. The next morning we heard that the bandits had tried to recapture us but had been just a little too late. They contented themselves with carrying off a couple of poor natives. Since then a few of the bandits have been captured and beheaded and the rest of the gang has been scattered.

The Rt. Rev. Prefect Apostolic, our own Monsignor Dominic, gave the two of us permission to take a few weeks rest in Supu. We are now back in our own missions, none the worse for having met the bandits. I am sure that it was someone's good prayers that saved us from harm that day. Father Ernest joins me in thanking all the readers of THE SIGN for their prayers and, in particular, in expressing our gratitude to the many member of the Gemma League of Prayers.

*You are requested not to forget  
our poor missionaries in making  
out your list of friends to be re-  
membered at Christmas.  
Thank you!*

Chiang Kou that night and to get word to Father Flavian that we had been released. A half mile further on we met eighty soldiers all fully armed who were on their way to rescue us from the bandits. When they saw us they wanted to know



WANGTSUN CHURCH, FEAST OF ASSUMPTION, 1928

CHANGES in missionary appointments were the order of the day after the Shanghai refugees were called back to Shenchow. Fathers Constantine, Godfrey, Rupert and I, had been exiled by fate in the Paris of the East for nearly a year. We welcomed the opportunity to get back to our respective missions. One has to be a missionary in order to understand what it means to be away from one's lifework. Exile had all the feeling of being like a fish out of water. We had been more or less out of our element. Had it not been for the work we did among the British and American sailors, our lot would have been even harder to bear. We all realized, however, that it was God's wise providence that sent us to a place far away from our heart's home but within the reach of safety. Deep down in our hearts we longed to return to our work in Hunan.

After a short delay in Shenchow our little party broke up and each went his own way. Father Constantine went to Lung San, Father Rupert to Luki, Father Godfrey to Wangtsun and I returned to Liu Lin Ts'a.

When I consider the bandits I know it was no small adventure for me to get back to my mission. Nearly a month passed before the convoy finally sailed from Shenchow. On Sunday, March 18th, my boy,

## Liu Lin Ts'a

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

Joseph, and I said good-bye to Shenchow happy in the thought that we were once more going home.

We had an escort of soldiers for protection along the way. Although they do protect a convoy they cause no small inconvenience through their never-ending gambling. One day we made very good time traveling some twenty miles. But the next day an excuse was found for not sailing at all. Presumably the real cause for this delay was that the soldiers were busy at their indoor sport.

On the third day we got under sail only to lay off three days more. The men who operate the boats are absolutely powerless to change the minds of the soldiers. I got tired of these delays and hit upon the plan of walking a few miles with a carrier, to the next town called Lan-tzi-wan, which is only about thirteen miles from my mission. After we reached this little town I got another boat and before dusk that day was in Liu Lin Ts'a. My boy, who remained with the convoy, arrived three days later.

To return to the mission itself was out of the question. At that time it was occupied by the soldiers of the infamous thirty-fifth army. I could not help feeling indignant when I

saw them in the mission and I breathed a fervent prayer to God that soon they would leave and I would be free to return to my home where I had every right to be.

For the present I went to a local Christian's house where I was cordially welcomed by the owner Mr. Peter Hwang, an old Christian, his wife, Mary, and their sons Anthony, Felix and Thomas. Word soon passed around that I had returned and there was a joyful reunion. I told them that now I was appointed their pastor and immediately all these good souls pledged their loyalty and support. After a happy hour I was shown my room and thus closed my first day at Liu Lin Ts'a—a place famed throughout our entire Prefecture for its fervent Christianity.

### SOME COMFORT

IT WAS not what I would call a hardship to live in a Chinese house, partake of their food prepared in Chinese fashion, etc., because this family lived very comfortably. The food was certainly as delicious as one could get in China. The cook outdid herself. One could easily become used to Chinese food under such circumstances and I can readily imagine that if my residence continued there for any great length of time I would soon become altogether detached from our American dishes. Of course I make one exception—a



PART OF A MARKET-DAY CROWD AT THE VILLAGE OF CHI TUNG P'IN. ALL GOOD SOULS ARE REQUESTED TO PRAY THAT I MAY GET A WEDGE IN HERE. AS YET THERE ARE NO CATECHUMENS



A LIME KILN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN YUNGSHUN AND PAOTSING. THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY FATHER THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P. FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE AT THE EXTREME LEFT

good, juicy steak smothered in onions or mushrooms, if it ever comes my way!

After a few days I paid a visit to the local official, Mr. Lou, in an effort to have him dislodge the soldiers from the mission property. I was graciously received but clearly given to understand that just then it was altogether impossible to force the soldiers to evacuate the mission at once. In true Chinese fashion Mr. Lou made many promises, in none of which I placed any credence.

There was a well founded rumor that the soldiers were merely waiting for further orders from Changteh before moving on. The official confirmed this rumor and I returned to my temporary residence with a high degree of hope but absolutely no certainty.

Then came Holy Week. We had been having Mass in the attic of the house which could be reached only by climbing a ladder. On Palm Sunday we carried out all the ritual as far as possible including the blessing and distribution of the palm. Holy Thursday our services were necessarily curtailed as were those of Good Friday. On Good Friday the Christians gathered in the attic for Rosary and sermon and veneration of the Cross.

On Easter Sunday all the Chris-

tians from the surrounding hamlets came in to Mass, with the result that we had over thirty Christians present not counting some other well disposed persons. Twenty Christians approached the Sacraments.

After Mass we had the real Chinese celebration with the ear-splitting din of thousands of firecrackers. After this the Christians returned to the house and I gave each one the Easter Blessing.

#### THE ONE CONSOLATION

IT is on the big feasts the lone missionary here finds some real consolation. He knows that many of the Christians have made great sacrifices in order to come from distances of fifteen or twenty miles so that they may be present at Holy Mass. Here is a certain proof that their Catholicism is thorough and fervent.

The following Tuesday I set out for the Augustinian mission in Tao Yuen which is some sixty miles from Liu Lin Ts'a. I hired a carrier to carry my bedding and a few boxes which were to be shipped to Hankow. The day was mild and we walked. I enjoy walking and this particular walk was along paved roads and through beautiful districts. Spring had already brought forth the lovely colors in nature, the air was redolent

with the sweet aroma of pines and the flowers. It did me good to feast my eyes on the entrancing panorama. Now we ascended a steep hill flooded with glowing sun, now we descended the steep slopes cool and breezy, sheltered from the spring sun. Now and again we stopped to quench our thirst in the bubbling springs that here and there were half concealed between the rocks.

We were rudely wakened from our reveries. Suddenly three men rushed out of the woods and commanded us to stop. My carrier was walking a few yards ahead of me so that I was behind the three men. They demanded a search of my boxes, stating that they were stationed there in order to examine all goods passing that way to make sure there were no guns and ammunition.

There was no room for doubt. I knew at once that we had fallen into the hands of bandits. I handed my card to one of them and when he saw that I was a priest of the Catholic Church he made profuse apologies and was willing to allow me to continue on my way. But his confederates were not so gracious and insisted on searching the boxes. They asked me for the keys. Had I refused, they would have unhesitatingly smashed the boxes. They rummaged through the contents and my heart





A BLIND CHINESE FIDLER

went into my mouth when one of them finally lifted out a small bundle of money which I had hidden.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Jack," I replied.

"I don't understand," he answered.

Then he turned to my boy for an explanation. The lad explained that the package contained foreign medicine. Strange to say the money was not taken nor were any of my belongings molested. I hurriedly rearranged the contents of the boxes, locked them and gave orders to my carrier to proceed. We lost no time in getting away from those marauders before they changed their minds. Luck was with us when we reached the river for the ferry was there waiting to start. Once across the river we breathed more freely and stopped for dinner.

It was my first experience with bandits. We were absolutely at their mercy and had they chosen they could have stripped us of everything we possessed and permitted us to go forward penniless and perhaps naked. The fact that I never once got excited by the danger proved to me that somewhere somebody was praying very hard for me and I have not the least doubt that the good souls of the Gemma League won another victory. It is quite probable that my coolness during the ordeal had a great effect on the bandits themselves.

#### "INITIATED"

**A**FTER dinner we went on to Shin Lung Kai, a short distance ahead, and there put up for the night. The chief subject of conversation that night was our bandit holdup. Many times since I have recalled a conversation I had with some of the Fathers at Shenchow during the celebration of Monsignor Dominic's installation as Prefect Apostolic. At that time one of the Fathers turned to me with the question:

"Were you ever caught by the bandits?"

"Not yet, by the grace of God."

"Well you're not going to get off so easily, old man," he replied.

When I wrote to him recently and informed him of my experience with the bandits he answered by congratulating me on escaping and ended up by assuring me that now I am one of the "initiated."

We arrived at Tao Yuen about noon the next day. The mission itself is a good half-hour's walk from the place where our boat anchored. Both Fathers Nicanor and David, the Augustinians, were glad to see me and gave me a rousing welcome. They had a hearty laugh when I told them about my run in with the bandits. Missionaries over here are so used to such affairs that when one of us relates an experience such as mine it is bound to cause a laugh. There seems to be real humor about it all, so long as nobody is taken captive, beaten or held for ransom.

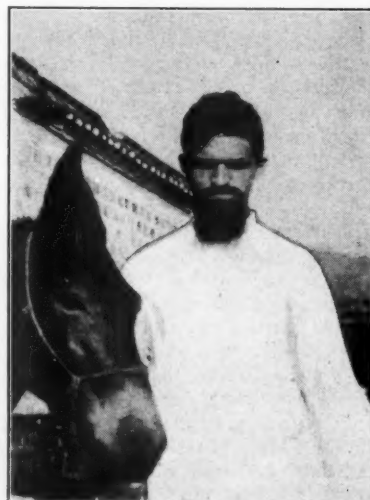
The Tao Yuen mission was at that time occupied by soldiers. But the Fathers were permitted the use of the entire upper floor. The church had been taken over so that services were held in the house for men and in the girl's catechumenate for the women. Father Nicanor said that the soldiers did not molest them in any way. Of course, he was hoping the

time would soon come when they would clear out. They continued for some time after that because it was only recently that I learned they had finally moved on. The Tao Yuen mission is once more functioning as an active mission center.

When I started back for Liu Lin Ts'a I decided that the safer way to travel was by boat, even though it does require much longer time. I did not like to risk another encounter with the bandits.

We had no adventures on the return journey and when I reached Liu Lin Ts'a good news awaited me. The soldiers were to leave the mission on the following Sunday, April 29th. True to their word they were all out of the city before eight o'clock Sunday morning. I lost no time in hurrying over to the vacated mission and was simply astounded at the appearances of the place. One would never think that human beings had dwelled there. The place was absolutely filthy. The walls, once immaculately white, were now all blackened from the fires. Whole sections of the wall had been deliberately dug out and in most places all the woodwork had been removed. The altar and the sanctuary rail had been so wantonly dismantled and destroyed that all I could do with what they left was to use it for firewood. The doors were spattered with blood and the church floor was strewn with rubbish.

As soon as we had a room cleaned up I said Mass. The remainder of the day we spent in working hard at



"CATSUP" AND FATHER BASIL BAUER, C.P. CATSUP IS A MISSIONARY ALSO

thoroughly cleaning the place. We used almost a gallon of disinfectant on the floors and doors.

After Father Jeremiah had made his dramatic exit from here several years ago, his catechist had removed all the windows, furniture and cooking utensils. These were soon recovered and it was not long before the mission lost its bear appearance. I had all the walls whitewashed, called in a carpenter to make a new altar and sanctuary rail and, in general, repair the damages.

There were no soldiers protecting the town and in consequence there was great danger from bandit incursions. The Christians bade me have no fear. One day a band of these "gentlemen" suddenly appeared in town. Fortunately for all they had designs on neither the mission nor the town. Their little game was to hold up convoys and rob them. The bandit chief with a few of his underlings called at the mission, but as they appeared very friendly I felt at my ease. The very next day they got busy at their robbing game. They went to Ma-i-fou, a town three miles from here, held up a convoy which was under soldier escort, and demanded fifteen hundred dollars. They outnumbered the soldiers and got the money, but not before they had lost several men in the fray. The soldiers escorting the convoy were under General Tai's command at Shenchow and they would have their revenge on the bandits.

On the morning of the Fourth of July we heard shooting on the outskirts of the town. Of course on

such a day the sounds of shooting would mean little in America, but this is China so we immediately sought cover. The defeated soldiers were returning with reinforcements. The bandits gave them battle on the neighboring hills but were forced to flee. Soon the victorious army marched into town. They were a detachment of the 35th Army under Captain Lee.

I heard shouting along the streets and loud banging on doors with commands to open them. The soldiers were robbing the people! They were bent on plundering. They came in crowds to the house in back of the mission where my catechist and his wife and family live. They made short work of all valuables there. I thought that they would surely come to the mission next and I planned to outwit them. I hid my money and the sacred vessels and then looked out to see if the soldiers were coming to rob me. They were already in the mission! I immediately set out to see their captain and ask him for protection.

#### RELIEF COMES

HE ASSURED me that he could do nothing but that he would see to it that anything stolen from me was made good. When I got back to the mission and rushed into my room it looked as though a battle had been fought there. My alarm clock and articles of clothing were missing. I took everything calmly because I knew it could not be avoided. It had come and there was no way out. One can readily imagine how we felt about it. The captain had said that he could do nothing to help us. What assurance, therefore, did we have that the same soldiers would not return to the mission and finish their job? During the day we were trying to devise plans to meet the situation and protect ourselves. But providentially there came into the mission later in the day several sergeants who expressed their willingness to help us and to locate the stolen articles. They kept their word, too! Next day we were called to the captain's headquarters and were told that a search was being made among the thieving soldiers and that our lost articles would be returned to us that night. Such as could be recovered were brought to the mission as promised.

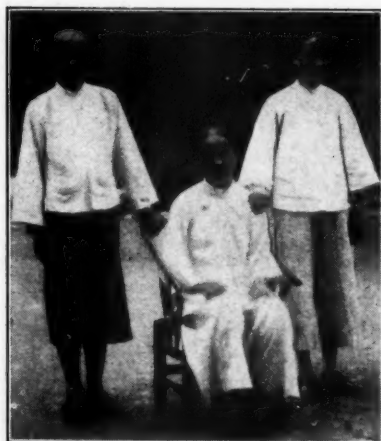
These soldiers had come to drive out the bandits. Their work being



PASSING FR. THEOPHANE'S WINDOW

finished they moved on, not, however, to join the troops at Shenchow, but to strike out as bandits. We heard, after they left, that they refused to join the Shenchow men and had turned bandits some twenty miles south of Shenchow. There they were robbing, burning houses, kidnapping, etc. To us in Liu Lin Ts'a this was a very serious affair. The other bandits in the territory were already numerous. To have three hundred more join them made them most formidable.

So again the town was without protection. Soon the happy news came that the orderly 14th Army was on its way. The officials of this army, I had been assured, are friendly to the Church. And later this proved true. The new captain visited the mission and brought a proclamation with him as a means of protecting our property. The



A WUKI BRIDE AND GROOM WITH THE BRIDE'S MOTHER AFTER THE WEDDING MASS IN THE WUKI CHAPEL, PASSIONIST MISSION, HUNAN, CHINA, 1928

soldiers of his army did not dare do anything unruly as they knew I had the proclamation.

The missionary's life in these parts is never without its embarrassing moments to claim his attention. One day the captain and a friend of his who had just arrived from Changsha paid me a visit. In the course of the conversation we talked of Sun Yat Sen, the Savior of China. Of course I agreed with their praise of Sun Yat Sen the patriot. Evidently I made a good impression on my guests for they expressed their desire to present a picture of Sun to the mission. I accepted their offer because I did not dare refuse it.

The next day around came the captain's friend with the picture. Then followed a long argument as to where we should hang the picture. He insisted in putting it in the church and I just as firmly insisted that it could not be put in the church. We compromised on the vestibule as there seemed no other way out. Followed some more arguments for an hour. Conclusion: "Let the captain decide."

I had promised to see the captain the next day but when I called and presented my card to his attendant he returned it, after seeing the captain, with the message that he was too busy to see me. He did ask, however, that I return later. I did not intend to do so. So from that time to this the matter about Sun Yat Sen's picture has not been settled. I learned later that the man who had been so insistent about Sun's picture being put in the church turned



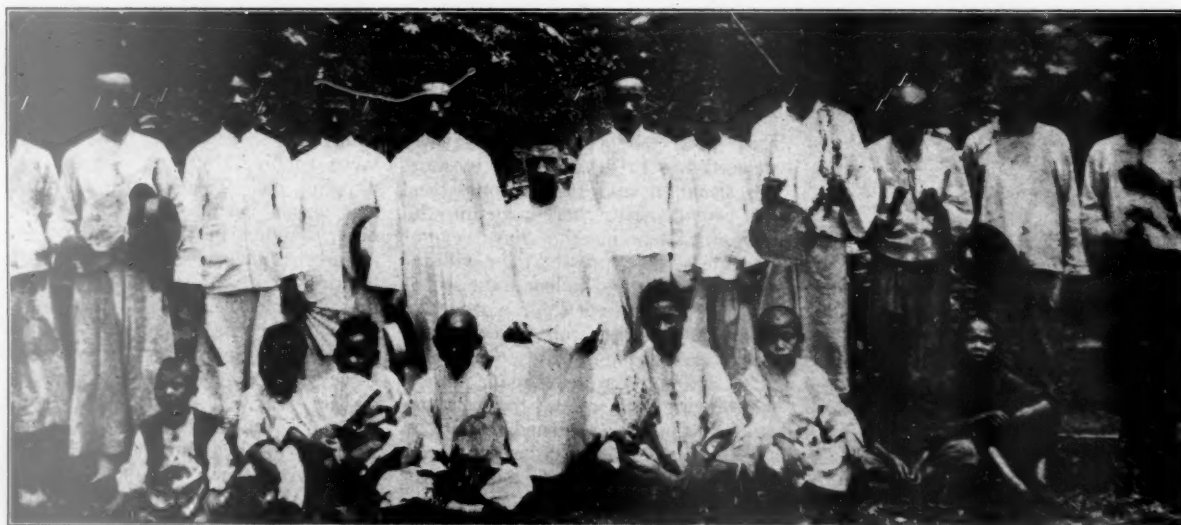
CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMES IN FOR HIS SHARE OF ADVERTISING AT HANKOW

out to be a communist from Szechuan. He was captured after leaving Liu Tin Ts'a, put into prison, and has probably been beheaded.

#### CONDITIONS BETTERED

THE present army of occupation has done effective work in clearing the local territory of bandits. Within a month's time they had dispersed the bandits, captured a few notorious leaders and shot them within a few steps of the mission. Traveling on the river is now as safe as it was five years ago. This means a new era of business for the townspeople. When there is peace there is business and the people have money to spend.

The Liu Lin Ts'a mission is a long established institution. The site on which the mission stands and the buildings on it date back eighteen years when the mission was founded and *totally financed* by the native Christians. During that era Kung Shen Fou flourished. He was a noted Augustinian missionary. He possessed the rare gift of being able to move the hearts of the people to accept the true Faith. This is the blessing for which we missionaries pray daily. God will do the rest. It is my earnest prayer that all who read this article will pray that the missionary of this place become as able and as effective worker as his venerable predecessor in the field.



FATHER BASIL BAUER AND HIS CHRISTIANS AT WANGTSUN, FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION, 1928





THREE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES WHO WILL GLADLY RECEIVE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.  
(N.B.—MONEY PREFERRED!)

## Gemma's League

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**THE OBJECT:** To bring the grace of God to the souls of others and to merit blessings for ourselves.

**THE METHOD:** The offering of our prayers and good works for the spread of Christ's kingdom in China.

**MEMBERSHIP:** Many charitably disposed persons interested in the salvation of the souls of others.

**OBLIGATIONS:** No financial dues. Payments are made in the currency of Heaven. Prayers and good works are bartered for souls. Return monthly leaflet.

**THE PATRON:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca. Born in 1878 and died in 1903. Her saintly life was characterized by a singular devotion to Christ's Passion.

**HEADQUARTERS:** All requests for leaflets and all correspondence concerning the League, should be addressed to the Rev. Director, The Gemma League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Masses Said	37,357
Masses Heard	32,956
Holy Communion	82,222
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	130,194
Spiritual Communion	14,973
Benediction Services	191,663
Sacrifices, Sufferings	14,439
Stations of the Cross	28,005
Visits to the Crucifix	42,386
Beads of the Five Wounds	481,539
Offerings of Precious Blood	36,881
Visits to Our Lady	54,294
Rosaries	7,334
Beads of the Seven Dolors	9,990,377
Ejaculatory Prayers	56,535
Hours of Study, Reading	59,966
Hours of Labor	65,998
Acts of Kindness, Charity	66,637
Acts of Zeal	616,971
Prayers, Devotions	44,486
Hours of Silence	454,133
Various Works	1,139
Holy Hours	

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecc. 7, 39.)

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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RT. REV. MSGR. ANDREW  
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REV. MICHAEL P.  
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REV. VICTOR M. MIROSSAY  
REV. MICHAEL J. McGUIRK  
REV. I. F. MEIFUSS  
REV. A. E. LANGEVIN  
SISTER MAGDALEN OF ST.  
JANE DE CHANTAL

SISTER MARY BLANCHE  
SISTER MARY JAMES  
M. ANTOINETTE HAFNER  
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CATHERINE WARD  
CATHERINE GILDAY  
ROSE McAVOY

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

# I Talk to Myself

AN INFORMAL MEDITATION BY THE EDITOR

**F**ROM time to time I have been asked: Is it really worth while to work so hard and to sacrifice so much for the conversion of the Chinese people?

I answer: IT IS.

There is no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw any color line.

Why should I?

My Lord Jesus Christ died for the Chinese as well as for me. They have as much right to His Redemption as I myself have.

If I really love Him, I will do what I can for the salvation of *all* souls.

Nor will I count the cost. Nor will I be disappointed if the results of my work are meagre.

Duty and today are mine. Results and the future are with God.

I have a *personal* obligation to extend the Kingdom of Christ. I have *today* to do that duty in.

In doing it I become a co-worker with Christ. Can there be any higher honor for His professed follower?

To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. It is to waste an opportunity for which I am personally responsible.

It is worse than that. It is to forfeit the high privilege of working for Christ and *with* Christ.

He puts Himself under an obligation to me. In a very true sense His success depends upon my coöperation with Him.

Not only does He condescend to accept my service. He actually needs it.

*Christ really needs the likes of me.*

There is a certain something that I can do for Him that no one else can do.

Will I do it? If I don't do it, it *won't* be done.

Now, who am I? I am a Catholic. I believe in Jesus Christ. In spite of

all my sins, I hope that I have a little love for Him.

I am the reader of this notice. And I know something of what the good Passionist Missionaries are doing for God in China.

I most heartily approve of their work and I do sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed.

I appreciate the many and great sacrifices they are so generously making to spread Christ's kingdom.

But my mere approving appreciation will mean little, if anything. I can make it mean much by turning it into spiritual and material help.

I can pray for them. They say that they need many prayers.

I can give them some money, if only a trifle, for the upbuilding of their chapels, schools and hospitals.

The Missionaries will be grateful. They will pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices and Masses.

*Long after I am dead, and forgotten, even by my very own, their prayers and those of their successors will commend me to God.*

**T**O PLANT Christ's Cross in China is the ambition of these Missionaries. Could there be a more worthy one? It *must* and *does* appeal to me.

I have done some things *against* Christ. Here is my opportunity of doing something *for* Him.

The something I do may not be much. But it will be something. And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.

Before I forget it, I will copy out the address. Here it is:

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Care of THE SIGN  
UNION CITY NEW JERSEY

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## *A Reminder*

In making out your list of those to be remembered with gifts at Christmas, please don't forget our Missionaries in China.

Our friends have claims upon; let us not forget the greater claims of Our Lord Jesus Christ. It is true that we can make no material gift directly to Him, but we can make such a gift to His devoted servants who are doing their utmost to spread His Kingdom among the poor pagans of the Orient.

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